

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

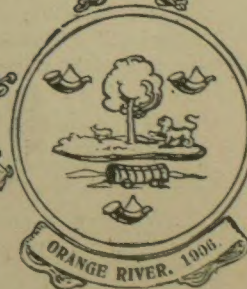
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3511.—VOL. CXXIX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1906.

SIXPENCE.

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## "THE MOST CONSIDERABLE BUSINESS OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT": MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S EXPOSITION OF THE PROPOSED TRANSVAAL CONSTITUTION.

On July 31, in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, explained the Government's proposal for the Transvaal Constitution. He described the scheme as "the most considerable business with which the new Parliament has yet had to deal." Details of the Constitution appear on another page.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOMEBODY writes complaining of something I said about progress. I have forgotten what I said, but I am quite certain that it was (like a certain Mr. Douglas in a poem which I have also forgotten) tender and true. In any case, what I say now is this. Human history is so rich and complicated that you can make out a case for any course of improvement or retrogression. I could make out that the world has been growing more democratic, for the English franchise has certainly grown more democratic. I could also make out that the world has been growing more aristocratic, for the English Public Schools have certainly grown more aristocratic. I could prove the decline of militarism by the decline of flogging; I could prove the increase of militarism by the increase of standing armies and conscription. But I can prove anything in this way. I can prove that the world has always been growing greener. Only lately men have invented absinthe and the *Westminster Gazette*. I could prove the world has grown less green. There are no more Robin Hood foresters, and fields are being covered with houses. I could show that the world was less red with khaki or more red with the new penny stamps. But in all cases progress means progress only in some particular thing. Have you ever noticed that strange line of Tennyson, in which he confesses, half consciously, how very *conventional* progress is?—

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

Even in praising change, he takes for a simile the most unchanging thing. He calls our modern change a groove. And it is a groove; perhaps there was never anything so groovy

Nothing would induce me in so idle a monologue as this to discuss adequately a great political matter like the question of the military punishments in Egypt. But I may suggest one broad reality to be observed by both sides, and which is, generally speaking, observed by neither. Whatever else is right, it is utterly wrong to employ the argument that we Europeans must do to savages and Asiatics whatever savages and Asiatics do to us. I have even seen some controversialists use the metaphor "We must fight them with their own weapons." Very well; let those controversialists take their metaphor, and take it literally. Let us fight the Soudanese with their own weapons. Their own weapons are large, very clumsy knives, with an occasional old-fashioned gun. Their own weapons are also torture and slavery. If we fight them with torture and slavery, we shall be fighting badly, precisely as if we fought them with clumsy knives and old guns. That is the whole strength of our Christian civilisation, that it does fight with its own weapons and not with other people's. It is not true that superiority suggests a tit for tat. It is not true that if a small hooligan puts his tongue out at the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord Chief Justice immediately realises that his only chance of maintaining his position is to put his tongue out at the little hooligan. The hooligan may or may not have any respect at all for the Lord Chief Justice: that is a matter which we may contentedly leave as a solemn psychological mystery. But if the hooligan has any respect at all for the Lord Chief Justice, that respect is certainly extended to the Lord Chief Justice entirely because he does not put his tongue out. Exactly in the same way the ruder or more sluggish races regard the civilisation of Christendom. If they have any respect for it, it is precisely because it does not use their own coarse and cruel expedients. According to some modern moralists, whenever Zulus cut off the heads of dead Englishmen, Englishmen must cut off the heads of dead Zulus. Whenever Arabs or Egyptians constantly use the whip to their slaves Englishmen must use the whip to their subjects. And on a similar principle (I suppose), whenever an English Admiral has to fight cannibals the English Admiral ought to eat them. However unattractive a menu consisting entirely of barbaric kings may appear to an English gentleman, he must try to sit down to it with an appetite. He must fight the Sandwich Islanders with their own weapons; and their own weapons are knives and forks. But the truth of the matter is, of course, that to do this kind of thing is to break the whole spell of our supremacy. All the mystery of the white man, all the fearful poetry of the white man, so far as it exists in the eyes of these savages, consists in the fact that we do not do such things. The Zulus point at us and say, "Observe the advent of these inexplicable demi-gods, these magicians, who do not cut off the noses of their enemies." The Soudanese say to each other, "This hardy people never flogs its servants; it is superior to the simplest and most obvious human pleasures." And the cannibals say, "The austere and terrible race, the race that denies itself even boiled missionary, is upon us: let us flee."

Whether or no these details are a little conjectural, the general proposition I suggest is the plainest

common-sense. The elements that make Europe upon the whole the most humanitarian civilisation are precisely the elements that make it upon the whole the strongest. For the power which makes a man able to entertain a good impulse is the same as that which enables him to make a good gun; it is imagination. It is imagination that makes a man outwit his enemy, and it is imagination that makes him spare his enemy. It is precisely because this picturing of the other man's point of view is in the main a thing in which Christians and Europeans specialise that Christians and Europeans, with all their faults, have carried to such perfection both the arts of peace and war.

They alone have invented machine-guns, and they alone have invented ambulances; they have invented ambulances (strange as it may sound) for the same reason for which they have invented machine-guns. Both involve a vivid calculation of remote events. It is precisely because the East, with all its wisdom, is cruel that the East, with all its wisdom, is weak. And it is precisely because savages are pitiless that they are still—merely savages. If they could imagine their enemy's sufferings they could also imagine his tactics. If Zulus did not cut off the Englishman's head they might really borrow it. For if you do not understand a man you cannot crush him. And if you do understand him, very probably you will not.

When I was about seven years old I used to think that the chief modern danger was a danger of over-civilisation. I am inclined to think now that the chief modern danger is that of a slow return towards barbarism, just such a return towards barbarism as is indicated in the suggestions of barbaric retaliation of which I have just spoken. Civilisation in the best sense merely means the full authority of the human spirit over all externals. Barbarism means the worship of those externals in their crude and unconquered state. Barbarism means the worship of Nature; and in recent poetry, science, and philosophy there has been too much of the worship of Nature. Wherever men begin to talk much and with great solemnity about the forces outside man, the note of it is barbaric. When men talk much about heredity and environment they are almost barbarians. The modern men of science are many of them almost barbarians. Mr. Blatchford is in great danger of becoming a barbarian. For barbarians (especially the truly squalid and unhappy barbarians) are always talking about these scientific subjects from morning till night. That is why they remain squalid and unhappy; that is why they remain barbarians. Hottentots are always talking about heredity, like Mr. Blatchford. Sandwich Islanders are always talking about environment, like Mr. Suthers. Savages—those that are truly stunted or depraved—dedicate nearly all their tales and sayings to the subject of physical kinship, of a curse on this or that tribe, of a taint in this or that family, of the invincible law of blood, of the unavoidable evil of places. The true savage is a slave, and is always talking about what he must do; the true civilised man is a free man, and is always talking about what he may do. Hence all the Zola heredity and Ibsen heredity that has been written in our time affects me as not merely evil, but as essentially ignorant and retrogressive. This sort of science is almost the only thing that can with strict propriety be called reactionary. Scientific determinism is simply the primal twilight of all mankind; and some men seem to be returning to it.

Another savage trait of our time is the disposition to talk about material substances instead of about ideas. The old civilisation talked about the sin of gluttony or excess. We talk about the Problem of Drink—as if drink could be a problem. When people have come to call the problem of human intemperance the Problem of Drink, and to talk about curing it by attacking the drink traffic, they have reached quite a dim stage of barbarism. The thing is an inverted form of fetish-worship; it is no sillier to say that a bottle is a god than to say that a bottle is a devil. The people who talk about the curse of drink will probably progress down that dark hill. In a little while we shall have them calling the practice of wife-beating the Problem of Pokers; the habit of housebreaking will be called the Problem of the Skeleton-Key Trade; and for all I know they may try to prevent forgery by shutting up all the stationers' shops by Act of Parliament.

I cannot help thinking that there is some shadow of this uncivilised materialism lying at present upon a much more dignified and valuable cause. Everyone is talking just now about the desirability of ingeminating peace, and averting war. But even war and peace are physical states rather than moral states, and in talking about them only we have by no means got to the bottom of the matter. How, for instance, do we as a matter of fact create peace in one single community? We do not do it by vaguely telling everyone to avoid fighting and to submit to anything that is done to him. We do it by definitely defining his rights and then undertaking to avenge his wrongs.

## "BIG MEDICINE" IN NATAL.

THE picture reproduced on another page represents the funeral of Nougoma, brother to Chief Mdhleni. He was stabbed by another native, whose sweetheart he wanted to take away from him. I was ordered to make a post-mortem of the body. Accordingly, I set out with one native policeman, and met the two European police-officers of the Natal Mounted Police at the chief's kraal, where the body lay. I was told by these gentlemen to make as small a cut as possible, for the natives have a great dislike to any interference with a dead body, since a person is supposed to carry such wounds with him for ever—though wounds inflicted in warfare are deemed an honour. The body lay in the hut shown in the centre of the sketch, and many women were there lamenting. I had to get the body carried out behind the matting which was placed in front of the door. Here, *sub tegmine celi*, and surrounded by natives I examined the body. I found it would be necessary to enlarge the wound, and got the police officers to explain this; but the natives cried "No." I told them I would apply a bandage so as to hide the cut—but they would not have it. Finally, I got them to understand it was absolutely necessary for the ends of justice. I made a cut six inches long, laying open the whole course of the wound, which entered in the middle of the inside of the arm and penetrated right up to the top of the armpit. It had divided the main arteries, veins, and nerves, and the man must have bled to death in a very few minutes.

I cleaned the wound with cotton-wool, to examine accurately the damage done. As I was doing so, a great murmuring arose among the natives. I had the cotton in a forceps, and I suppose they thought it was a knife. Just as I was in the act of cleaning this blood from the wound an elderly man wearing small horns round his neck, and whom I was told was a witch doctor, tumbled down on me in a faint! For a moment I had a dim notion that I was going to be assailed too. I had him carried out and sprinkled with water, and he got better. Then I continued my scientific investigations. I wanted to make a fresh cut, but the police officers told me not to do so, for if I did we would surely be set upon. I had full evidence of the cause of death for any jury, home or foreign, so I put some plaster round the wound and finished my work. The natives gathered up every scrap of rag and cotton I had used, and anything bloodstained, and put it alongside the body in the blanket that enveloped it. The body was then wrapped up in this blanket, after certain ceremonies (which we were not allowed to see) had been performed. It seems that the natives have a superstition that if anyone gets the blood of a dead person they can make a terrible medicine from it, which brings those who use this medicine under their power; hence their gathering up the cotton-wool and rags.

After a brief interval the natives all congregated along the rough roadway leading down from the hut—the men on one side, the women on the other. Then the body was carried out by eight "chief men" in a hand-hammock made of the deceased man's other blanket. The woman then worked themselves up into hysterics, shrieking and wailing; many prostrated themselves on the ground. The two front men carried green twigs in their hands—said to be a sign of peace. Behind the bier was the man's mother, wailing, "Wa-ntawana-ami" ("Oh, my child!"), "U-anga-api?" ("Where have you gone to?"). Behind the mother was a "kehle," or married woman, carrying the sticks, hunting appliances, and spear of the dead man.

Some of the married women had their hair hanging in a fringe that gives them an appearance like a spaniel. Other mourners, wrapped up in their blankets, with their heads covered, also followed, and two of these carried the dead man's war assegai or "mukout." Some few females, almost nude, save for a string of beads round the waist and a small tab three inches square back and front in the centre of the body, were also seen. Nearly all the men had rings on the head—these are made of beeswax and a black material. The women's hair is done up on a framework of old rags and stiffened with oil and red ochre.

I am informed that the natives bury their dead much after the fashion of the Red Indians—in a pit, in a sitting posture, and with their spears and hunting appliances around them. Also, I believe, a gourdful of beer, some corn, and some native bread are placed beside the body. It was not safe to follow the funeral, though I would much like to have done so. At another time I would have ventured, but the country is too unsettled to run risks just now. It may be that, simple as was the cause of the murder, it had a far deeper meaning. The witch doctor may have been at work, and he is a potent factor in native affairs. The "untogata," or witch medicine-man, makes his "muti," or medicine, by cutting out the nape of the neck from a dead human body. This is put into a pot and the fat melted out. No doubt incantations, and so forth are used during the process of manufacture. With the grease they anoint their own fingers, and secretly rub this into the person whom they desire to influence. It is supposed that the person so anointed loses his will-power to the witch medicine-man, and, if ordered by the witch doctor to kill or do any other outrageous act, he has no power to resist—in other words, he becomes, willingly or unwillingly, the agent in the performance of the witch doctor's evil designs. It often happens that if this "muti" is required, the witch doctor murders a man, woman, or child—male or female, according to what the "muti" is used for.

One of the police-officers told me of a case he had to investigate. The body of a man had to be exhumed, and the skull was found several feet away from the trunk. The skull showed marks where the blade of the knife had been applied in cutting away the nape of the neck. A certain atrocious work, say, has to be performed, and the witch doctor, being unable to procure "muti" for the purpose to influence some person to perpetrate the deed,

himself either procures a dead body or murders someone, as above mentioned. In the case referred to it was proved that the witch doctor enticed the man to his house, murdered him, and then disposed of the body. Certain articles found when the body was exhumed provided identification of the remains. Having accomplished the murder and made the "muti," the witch doctor then brings his witchcraft into play, anoints the victim—who at once is in the witch doctor's power—and so the atrocious deed is duly accomplished, the unfortunate agent being unable to resist the witch doctor's commands—for he is assured he himself will die if he does not carry out his instructions. During the present Zululand trouble children have been taken, killed, and "muti" made from their bodies to render the Zulu warriors immune to the effects of the white man's bullets; but the misguided natives are beginning to see that the witch doctor's "muti" is powerless, and in some cases they have fallen on the witch doctors who deceived them.

J. J. A. RAYE.

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### THE PLAYHOUSES.

#### "DOWN OUR ALLEY." AT THE GARRICK.

MR. Arthur Bouchier made such a success with his translation and compression of M. Brieux's "Robe Rouge" that he may well be bewildered at the condemnation which has been passed on "Down Our Alley," his English version of M. Anatole France's "Crainquebille." But the critics are in the right, and the latest Garrick production completely exposes the viciousness of the process known as adaptation. Mr. Bouchier has made two mistakes in his handling of M. France's quaint and exquisite little play—one mistake that of transferring its *milieu* from the French city to London; the other that of expanding a slight sketch into an almost full-sized drama. That the finished literary style and the delicate irony we associate with the name of Anatole France should have vanished in the process of adaptation we could have endured. But when Mr. Bouchier, by mixing up English and French procedures of justice and English and French types of officials, reduces the police-court episode, which should be the point of central interest in the play, to a mere parody of what every Londoner knows to be the actual thing, it is more difficult to have patience, especially as the street scenes have been so elaborated with cheap pathos and cheap joviality that their flimsiness of structure proves noticeable, and therefore tiresome. We can have too much of Chevalier types, over-sentimentalised and over-farcicalised; and we resent a burlesque of police-court proceedings even at a moment when the "force" and the magistrates do happen to be under official scrutiny. But if Mr. Bouchier as playwright has failed to give us a true picture of mean streets and the police court, he makes amends as actor by his charming and life-like study of the bewildered coster-hero of the play, who, it will be remembered, comes into collision with the police, suffers from a miscarriage of justice, and meets just in time with a good Samaritan. The walk, the accent, the behaviour of the man are all alike perfect; here at least is something real.

### TRANSVAAL CONSTITUTION.

ON the last night of July Mr. Winston Churchill explained to a full and interested House the Government's proposals for the Constitution of the Transvaal. The main features of the new scheme are as follows—

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by the Crown, this body, however, to become elective after the lapse of five years.

### CHINESE LABOUR ORDINANCE TO LAPSE after a reasonable interval.

In addition to these proposals the scheme provides for the direct administration of Swaziland by the High Commissioner and the creation of a Land Board, "if agreeable to all parties," to secure sympathetic administration for land settlers. Lord Selborne is to be instructed to ascertain the views of South African statesmen as to the transfer of the underwriters' guarantee from the loan of £10,000,000 (forming part of the loan of £35,000,000) to a loan of smaller amount, the money to be devoted to Transvaal purposes.

The measure was bitterly attacked by Mr. Balfour, and there was a sharp passage-at-arms between him and the Prime Minister. Exception has been taken by extremists to the proposal, on the ground that it is "another Majuba," a giving back of the Transvaal to the Boers, and the nullification of the blood and treasure expended during the war. But a saner estimate will discover in the Constitution many elements of reassurance. The balance of party power will be adjusted by the Pretoria vote, a consideration which makes for a moderate Government, bound neither to the factions of the Rand nor of Het Volk. There is also provision for the protection of British settlers, and there is a guarantee of safety in the nominated Second Chamber. This, it is true, becomes elective in five years, but by that time the country may be ripe for the removal even of this check.

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#### H.M.S. "WORCESTER."

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Vice-Chairman—ADMIRAL SIR EDMUND FREMANTLE, G.C.B., C.M.G.

Captain Superintendent—COMMANDER D. WILSON-BARKER, R.N.R., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.

Head Master—F. S. ORME, M.A. (Emm. Coll., Camb.)

The Ship is anchored in the Thames off Greenhithe, in one of the most healthy reaches of the River.

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WORLD-RENOUNDED MINERAL SPRINGS (upwards of 80). FINEST BATHS IN EUROPE. Hydrotherapy of every description. Bracing Moorland Air. Splendid Scenery. Walks and Drives. Good and Varied Entertainments daily in new Kursaal. Illustrated Pamphlet and all details from Town Clerk, HARROGATE.

### LONDON HIPPODROME.

TWICE DAILY  
At 2 and 8 p.m.  
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## John Lawrence Toole.

After long years of suffering, endured with patience and fortitude, J. L. Toole, the most famous comedian of Victorian days, passed away at Brighton on Monday night in his seventy-fifth year. From the early days of boyhood, when he joined the City Histrionic Club, which gave performances in Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street, down to 1893, when he retired from the London stage, John Toole was a popular favourite on the stage and off, a man who had but to be himself to rouse a large section of the public to mirth.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. J. L. TOOLE,  
Our Greatest Comedian of the Old School.

He covered a great deal of ground. Old playgoers who do not go much to the theatre now remember his Touchstone and Cloten, his Caleb Plummer and his Fathom in "The Hunchback." A later generation can recall "The Upper Crust" and "Hester's Mystery," one of Pinero's first attempts at play-writing, produced in the days when Toole's Theatre in King William Street, Strand, was called the Folly. The little house was enlarged and re-christened in 1881, and we saw "Girls and Boys," "Paw Claudian," and "The Don" there, while almost with the last years of his work in town Mr. Toole produced J. M. Barrie's "Walker, London." Although it was his business in life to make others laugh, John Toole was not a happy man. He lost his only son, a promising youth of twenty-three, and his wife and only daughter predeceased him. But no load of care could make him other than a kindly-hearted, cheerful, genial man. To the last he was ready to serve others, and he never could say "No" to one who was in distress. Of late years he was often to be seen in his bath-chair on the front at Brighton, accompanied at times by his old friend and fellow-worker, Henry Irving, to whom he was deeply attached.

## Portraits.

The Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, to whom on July 27 fell the task of explaining to the House the Government's programme of the reduced Navy, is Mr. Edmund Robertson, M.P. for Dundee. Mr. Robertson is sixty-one, and the son of a Scotch schoolmaster.



Photo. Russell.

MR. EDMUND ROBERTSON,  
The Proposer of Naval Reduction.

has represented Dundee in Parliament since the election of 1885.

Mr. E. Chapman, ex-M.P. for the Hyde Division of Cheshire, died suddenly last week at his residence, Hill End, Mottram. He fainted at the top of a staircase, fell to the bottom, and died unconscious. He was a Merton College man, where he took a First Class in Natural Science, and some time later was elected to a Fellowship at Magdalen. In 1900 Mr. Chapman was successful in his contest for the Hyde Division of Cheshire in the Conservative interest, but at the last election, in January of the present year, he was defeated by Mr. C. D. Schwann. A director and deputy-chairman of the Great Central Railway and a director of the South-Eastern, Mr. Chapman was a busy man of affairs.

Sir Robert Hart, Bart., Inspector-General of Customs in China since 1863, and of Posts since 1896, is retiring from the positions he has held so long and with so much advantage to the Celestial Empire. In Sir Robert, British administrative genius seems to be personified: no task has been too difficult, no diplomatic tangle has been beyond his capacity for setting the crooked straight. He is feared by rogues, loved by honest men, and served by one and

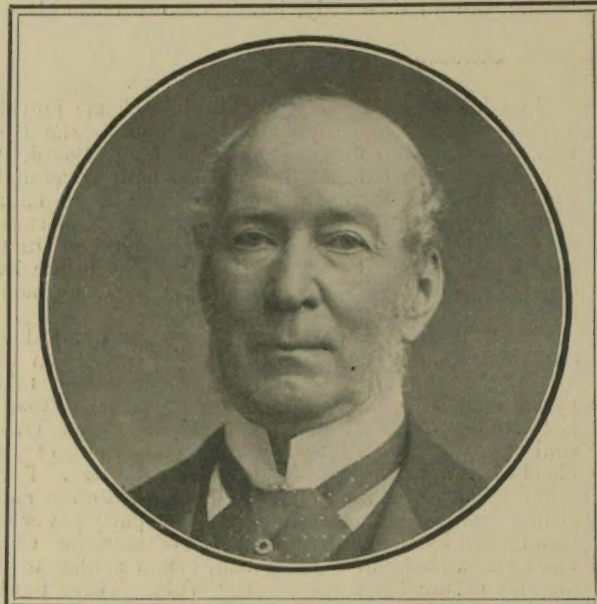
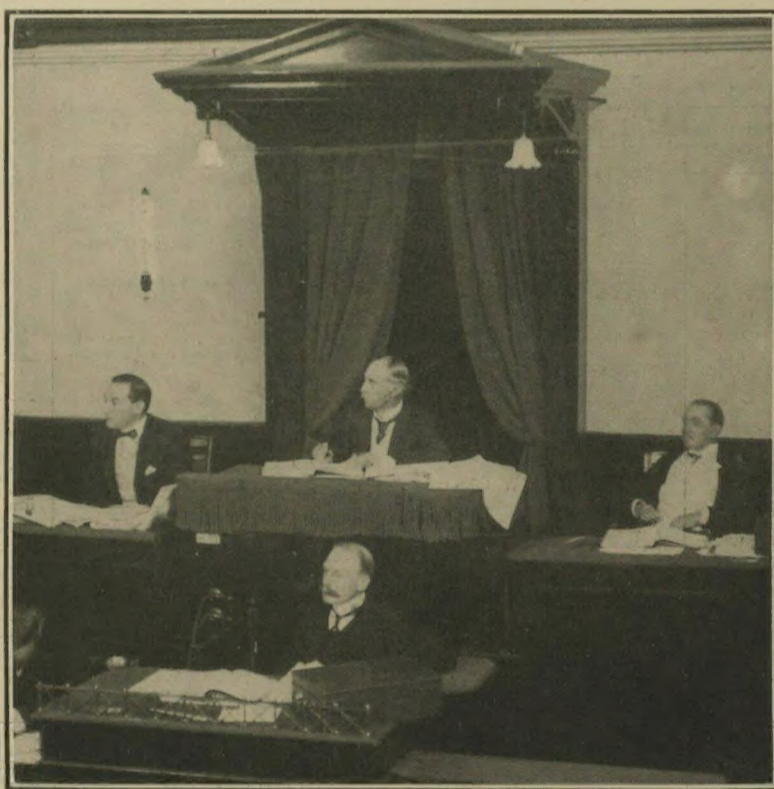


Photo. Russell.

SIR ALBERT DE RUTZEN,  
Eminent Police Magistrate, Retiring.

all. He is the possessor of some thirty Orders or decorations given by grateful potentates of the East and West, he wears the Peacock's Feather and Red Button of China, and of all the men who boast these



Mr. Isaacs.

Photo Park.

## THE ROYAL COMMISSION THAT SPRANG FROM THE D'ANGELY CASE: MR. RUFUS ISAACS EXAMINING INSPECTOR BERRY.

Sir Brynmor Jones, K.C., M.P., is in the chair. On his right is Mr. Rufus Isaacs, and on his left Mr. C. A. Whitmore. Mr. Rufus Isaacs has been conducting a most stringent examination into the duties of the police. Some sensation was caused at the sitting on July 30 by the non-appearance of M. and Madame D'Angely, who had been asked to attend. They were called both inside and outside the Court, but they did not answer. It will be remembered that the Commission was appointed after the arrest of Madame D'Angely, which, it was alleged, was unjustifiable.

coveted decorations none can rival him in knowledge of Chinese life and policy. Sir Robert has been an Irishman for some seventy-two years, and a member of the Consular service for more than half a century.

The Bishop of Zululand, whose charges have brought about the inquiry held to investigate the alleged acts of outrage committed upon the prisoners in Natal, is the



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

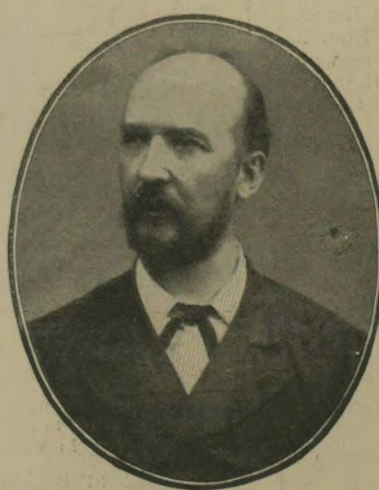
THE LATE MR. EDWARD CHAPMAN,  
Formerly M.P. for Hyde, Cheshire.

Photo. Hone.

SIR ROBERT HART, BART.,  
Retiring from Direction of Chinese Customs.

Right Rev. Wilmot Lushington Vyvan. Dr. Vyvan was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He took deacon's orders in 1888, and priest's orders in 1889. Among his appointments have been the curacies of Holy Trinity, Southwark, and of St. Paul, Bermondsey.

Together with the latter appointment he had charge of the Charterhouse Mission Church. From 1901 to 1902 he was missionary at Isandhlwana, Zululand, and also Nzwavuma. Since 1903 he has held the Bishopric of Zululand.

Sir Albert de Rutzen, who has been Chief Magistrate of the Metropolitan Police Courts since 1901, has seen thirty years' service as a London stipendiary magistrate. Sir Albert was born in 1831, and is the third son of the late Baron de Rutzen. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge, and is a barrister of the Inner Temple, where he was called in 1857.

The new Chaplain of the Fleet is the Rev. Hugh Singleton Wood. He is of Queen's College, Oxford, and was ordained deacon in 1883. In the following year he took priest's orders. His first curacy was at Holy Trinity, Havestock Hill. In 1886 he became a chaplain of the Royal Navy. Since 1904 he has been Chaplain of the Royal Hospital and of Greenwich Hospital School.

THE REV. H. S. WOOD,  
New Chaplain of the Fleet.

## The Naval Programme.

Towards the end of last week the Secretary of the Admiralty introduced the Shipbuilding

Vote in the House of Commons, and announced that the Government had resolved to reduce the programme of new construction by one battle-ship, three destroyers, and four submarines. In making this reduction, said Mr. Robertson, the Premier and his colleagues were acting with the concurrence of the Sea Lords. The saving to the country amounts to two and a half million pounds. While the news of the reduction has made a very unfavourable impression in the Opposition circles, it may be suggested that the disappearance of Russia from the first-class Naval Powers, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and the Anglo-French entente make the Government's policy reasonable enough. Moreover, the next Peace Conference at the Hague will find this country's representatives urging upon the nations a reduction of the crushing burden of armaments, and the British Envoys will point to the naval programme as an earnest of our pacific intentions.

Some amplified description is necessary of the eight pictures on another page. The Ham

and Petersham Rifle Range was on July 27-28 the scene of the meeting of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs. Lord Roberts watched the shooting and distributed the prizes.

## Picture Notes.

The new bath on Tooting Common opened on July 28 was provided by the Wandsworth Borough Council at a cost of £7700. The London County Council gave the site. The bath is from 3 ft. to 7 ft. deep, and 300 ft. long by 100 ft. broad. Mont D'Orgueil, Jersey, given by the Crown to the Island, will be repaired and a museum will be established in the Castle. Jersey men are appealing for funds for this purpose. The electric-power station for North Wales will be driven by water from Llyn Llydaw, on the side of Snowdon. The lake is 1415 ft. above sea-level. Another picture shows a motor-boat which has been tried at Sartrouville, on the Seine. The engine is a 9-horse power, two-cylinder, V-shaped Decker. The rudder is in the bow. A speed of thirty-five miles has been attained. William Rufus, leased to Hungary at £1000 per annum, is a son of Melton and Simena.

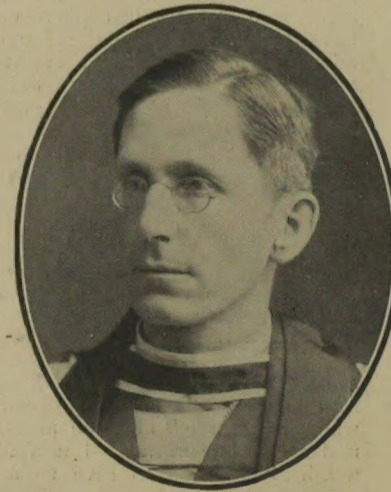


Photo. Maull and Fox.

THE BISHOP OF ZULULAND,  
Whose Charges caused the Inquiry into  
Alleged Outrages on Prisoners.

The Foreign Office has issued a Parliamentary Paper (Cd. 3086) dealing with the Denshaw affair. It includes a general résumé of the outrage on June 13. In his report to the Foreign Office, Mr. Findlay, Acting Agent and Consul-General in Lord Cromer's absence, declares that the attack on the British officers was due to the insubordinate spirit which has been sedulously fostered during the past year by unscrupulous and interested agitators. He remarks that the action of a certain section of critics produced "a deplorable effect" in Egypt.

## The Last of the Denshaw Affair.

the attack on the British officers was due to the insubordinate spirit which has been sedulously fostered during the past year by unscrupulous and interested agitators. He remarks that the action of a certain section of critics produced "a deplorable effect" in Egypt.

# POINTS FROM THE PAPERS ILLUSTRATED BY SNAP-SHOTS.

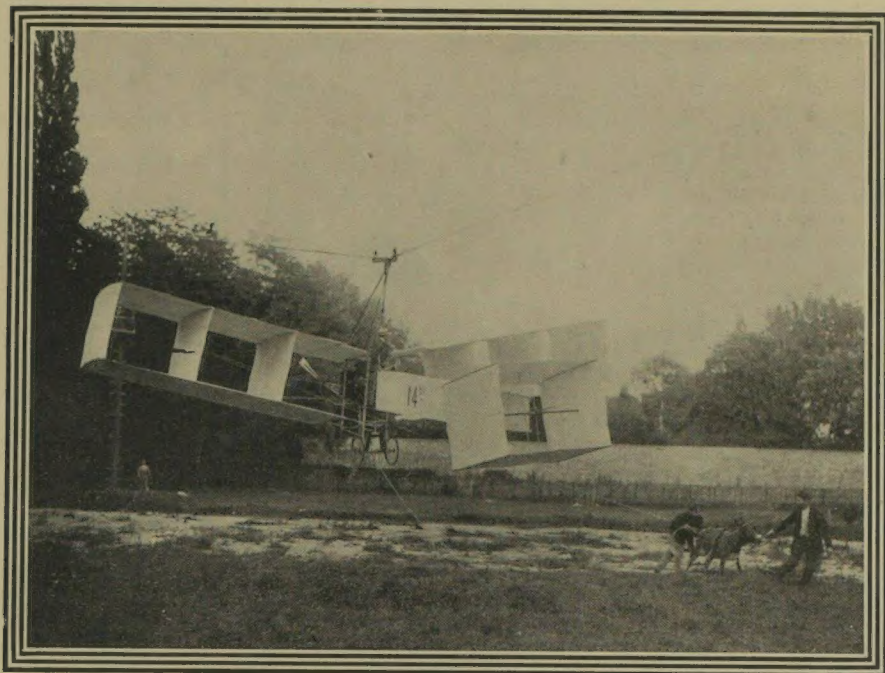


Photo. Rotak.

**A DONKEY YOKED TO A FLYING-MACHINE: SANTOS DUMONT'S NEW AEROPLANE.**

M. Santos Dumont has been experimenting at Neuilly St. James with his new aeroplane, a huge development of the box-kite. The machine is pulled along a steel cable stretched a considerable distance above the ground until it gets sufficient purchase on the air to start it, just as a kite is started by a run. The pulling is done by a little donkey.



Photo. Cribb.

**ROYALTY IN "WHITE BOWLERS" AT GOODWOOD: THE KING AND THE PRINCE DRIVING TO GOODWOOD HOUSE.**

The King and the Prince of Wales left London on July 30 and travelled to Goodwood. They reached Drayton at six o'clock p.m., and were met by the Duke of Richmond, who entertained his Majesty at Goodwood House. The King and Prince wore white bowlers and easy suits, as his Majesty expressly wished to discourage tall hats and frock-coats at Goodwood.



Photo. Loptical.

**"GRAYS-ON-SANDS": THE ARTIFICIAL SEA-BEACH AT GRAYS, IN ESSEX.**

On July 30, Mr. H. E. Brooks, Chairman of the Grays Urban District Council, opened an artificial beach, which has been provided on the foreshore for the use of children. It is made of alternate patches of pebbles, shell-dust, and sea-sand. From the opening day it became immensely popular with the community, the children especially.



Photo. Ha fones.

**PREACHING AT THE SEASIDE: THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AT BLACKPOOL SANDS.**

Dr. Knox, who made a most successful experiment last year in holding religious services for seaside visitors at Blackpool, is repeating his mission during the present season, and has suffered some unmannerly interruption from negro minstrels. The Bishop preaches from a temporary pulpit, and his addresses have been drawing large crowds. Dr. Knox has been Bishop since 1903.



Photo. Loptical.

**THE FATAL GAS EXPLOSION IN HOLBORN: THE RUINS.**

On July 30 a gas explosion occurred in May's Yard, near Red Lion Square, Holborn. One man was killed and five persons were injured. A house and stables were completely wrecked. It is rather curious to notice hanging on the wall of the ruined house a picture that more than twenty years ago was published as a Christmas plates in a famous journal.



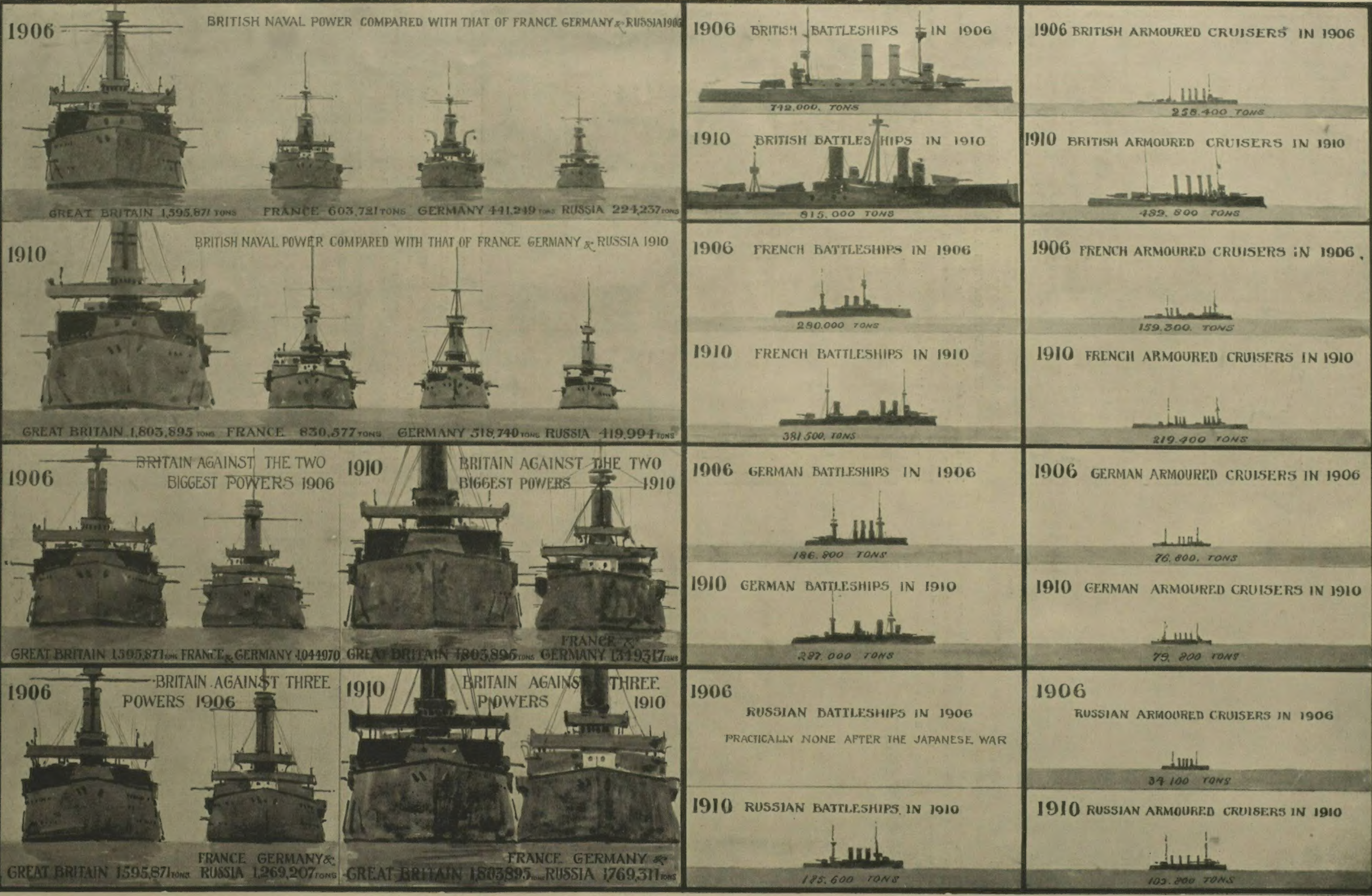
Photo. Smith.

**A PICTURESQUE PAGEANT IN JERSEY: THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS.**

Flower carnivals still keep their popularity at seaside places, and Jersey lags in no way behind. The islanders organised a most picturesque procession, which passed along a route profusely decorated with garlands. One of the features of the procession was an impersonation of Britannia, who was drawn on a triumphal car, attended by sailors and soldiers.

SUPREME IN SPITE OF REDUCTION: OUR NAVAL POSITION NOW AND IN 1910 AT A GLANCE.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



BRITAIN'S NAVAL EXPENDITURE SINCE 1880.

	£
1880	10,513,469
1890	17,042,182
1900	32,131,062
1901	33,726,491
1902	34,201,904
1903	35,476,000
1904	36,830,000
1905-6	33,389,500

ORIGINAL NEW PROGRAMME:	REVISED NEW PROGRAMME.
Four battle-ships of the Dreadnought type.	Three battle-ships of the Dreadnought type.
Five ocean-going destroyers.	Two ocean-going destroyers.
Twelve coastal destroyers.	Twelve coastal destroyers.
Twelve submarines.	Eight submarines.
COST OF ORIGINAL PROGRAMME.	COST OF REVISED PROGRAMME.
£9,340,000.	£6,800,000.

FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIPS, BUILT AND BUILDING.

	Ships.	Displacement.		Ships.	Displacement.
		Tons.			Tons.
Great Britain	51	745,910	Germany	24	282,551
			France	17	215,717
			Russia	8	110,952

FIRST-CLASS CRUISERS, BUILT AND BUILDING.

Great Britain	48	531,800	France	15	168,283
			Germany	8	68,183
			Russia	4	47,132

SHIPS BUILDING.

	Great Britain.	France.	Germany.	Russia.
Battle-ships, first-class	6	6	6	4
Armoured cruisers	10	5	2	4

\*To be laid down 1906-7.

# THE COMING OF THE MOTOR -BUS.—No. II.: THE VEHICLE SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



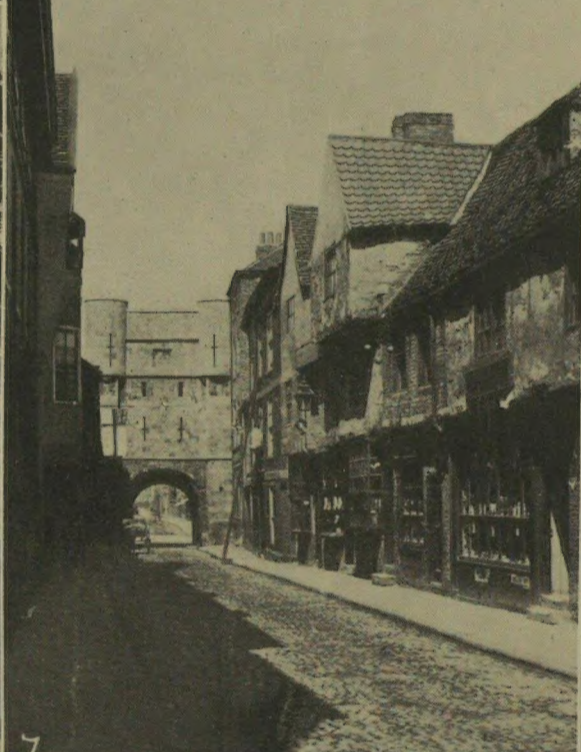
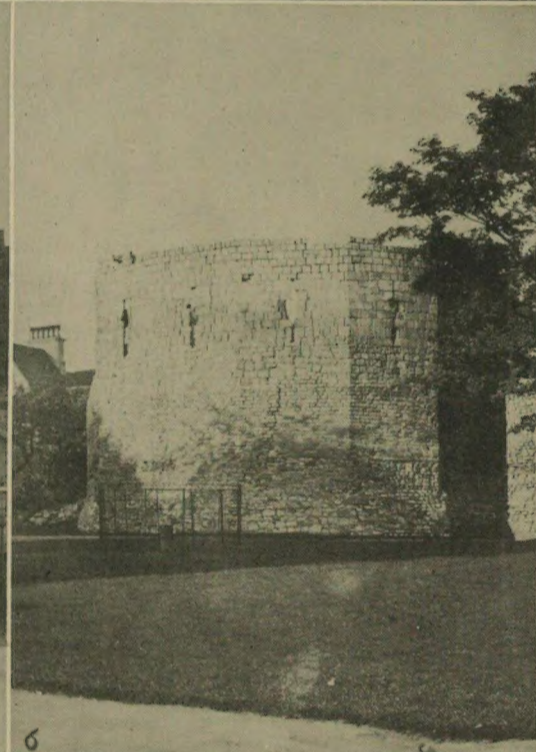
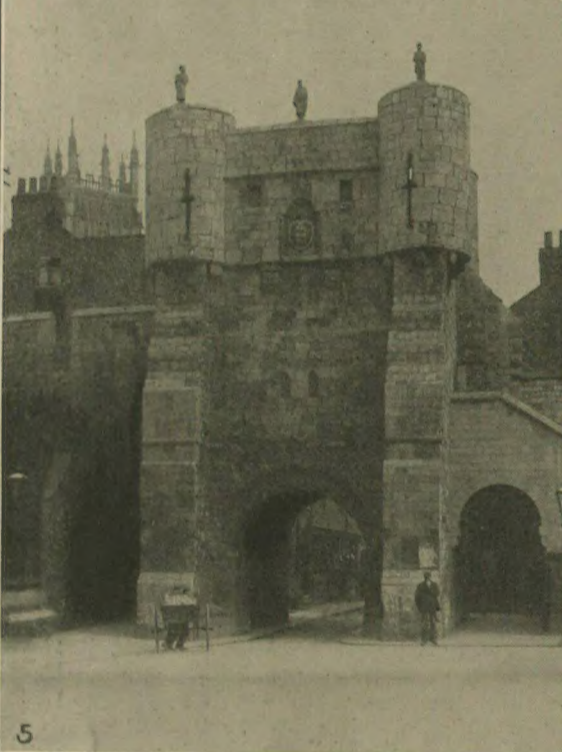
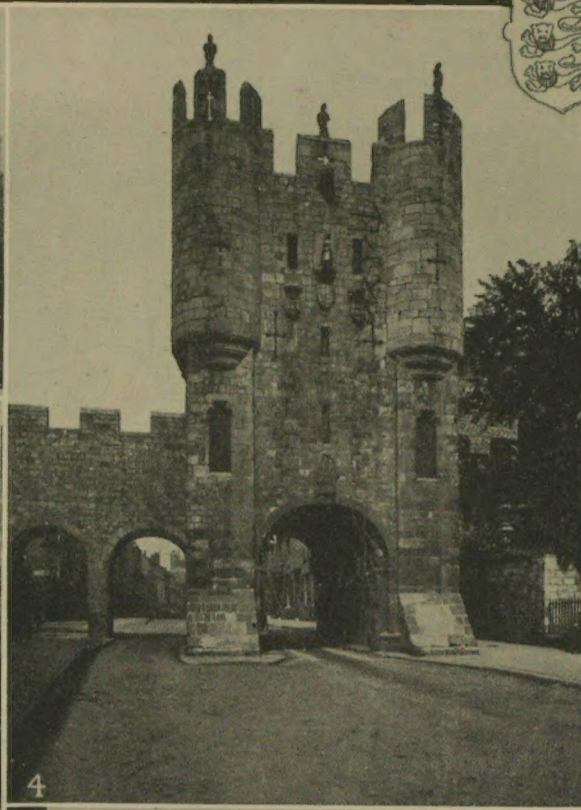
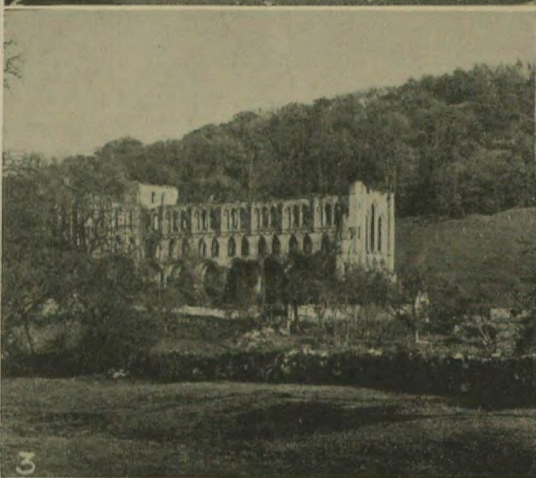
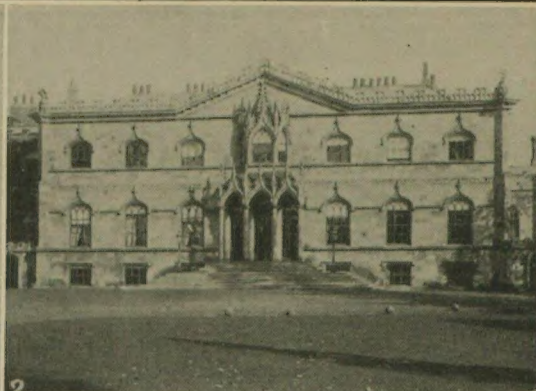
WILLIAM CHURCH'S STEAM-CARRIAGE IN 1832.

Church's steam-coach, an elaborately decorated concern, which rather resembled a circus-car, ran between London and Birmingham. It was something like a double stage-coach, but had more inside accommodation than that vehicle. It was constructed to carry twenty-eight inside and twenty-two outside passengers. The chauffeur wore the many-tipped dress of the old stage-coachman, a garb made immortal by the portraits of the elder Weller. In 1831 a Select Committee of the

House of Commons reported on the automobile movement. Its practicability the Committee considered fully established, but they mentioned that a formidable obstacle existed in popular prejudice, which led to the imposition of prohibitive and excessive tolls. The new railways secured a law providing that a man with a red flag by day and a red lantern at night should keep one hundred yards in advance of every automobile. The man has even been seen on the buffer of a traction-engine.

## POINTS OF PILGRIMAGE FOR THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COLEMAN, BY DUNCAN &amp; LEWIN, AND BY NOPS.



## 1. WALMGATE BAR, YORK.

The substructure is said to be Norman, owing to the round-headed arch, but this is denied, for such arches were common in the military architecture of the thirteenth century and later.

## 2. THE SCENE OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S GARDEN-PARTY TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: BISHOPTHORPE PALACE.

At Bishopthorpe, in 1405, Archbishop Scrope, Thomas Mowbray, the Earl Marshal, and Sir William Plumpton, were sentenced to death for sedition.

## 3. VISITED BY THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: RIEVAULX ABBEY, HELMSLEY.

Rievaulx (Rye Vale) was a Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1131. It passed at the Dissolution to the Rutland family.

## 4. WHERE HOTSPUR'S HEAD WAS EXPOSED: MICKLEGATE BAR.

When Henry Percy had been beheaded, after Shrewsbury, his head was set on Micklegate Bar, through which his aged father, the Earl of Northumberland, rode to seek Henry IV.'s clemency.

## 5. A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY RELIC: BOOTHAM BAR.

The upper part is chiefly fourteenth-century work, but restoration has been frequent. Through Bootham Bar the body of James IV. of Scotland was carried after Flodden.

## 6. A RELIC OF ROMAN YORK (EBORACUM): THE MULTANGULAR TOWER.

The work had originally ten sides, but the shell of masonry now shows only nine faces. It is built of rubble and ashlar.

## 7. THE QUAINTESS OF YORK: OLD HOUSES AND TOLL-BAR.

The photograph is typical of the old-world air of York, which preserves much of the charm of an old English city.

## 8. AN ANGLO-SAXON RELIC: STONE BOW.

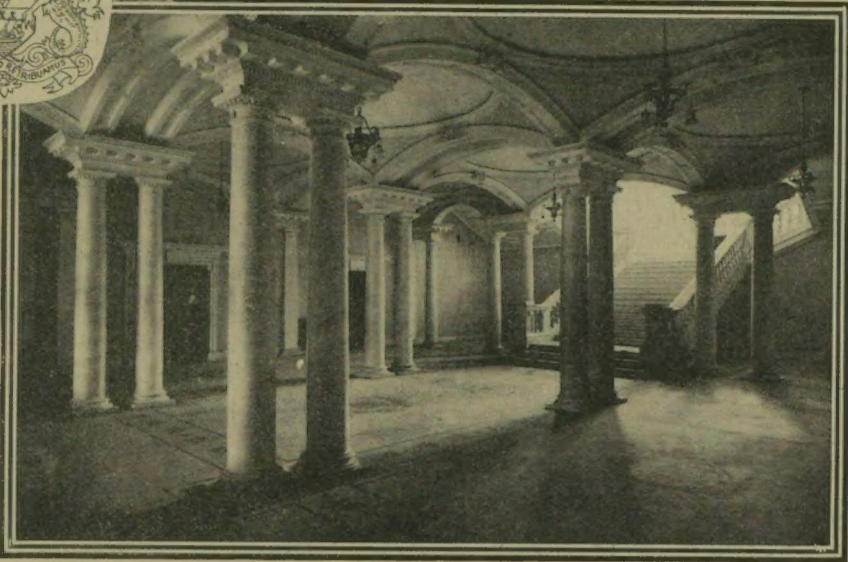
Stone Bow, which means stone arch, has been inaccurately called the gateway to the Carmelite Monastery. It was the south-eastern port of the Anglo-Saxon city.

## 9. THE GLORY OF YORK: THE MINSTER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.

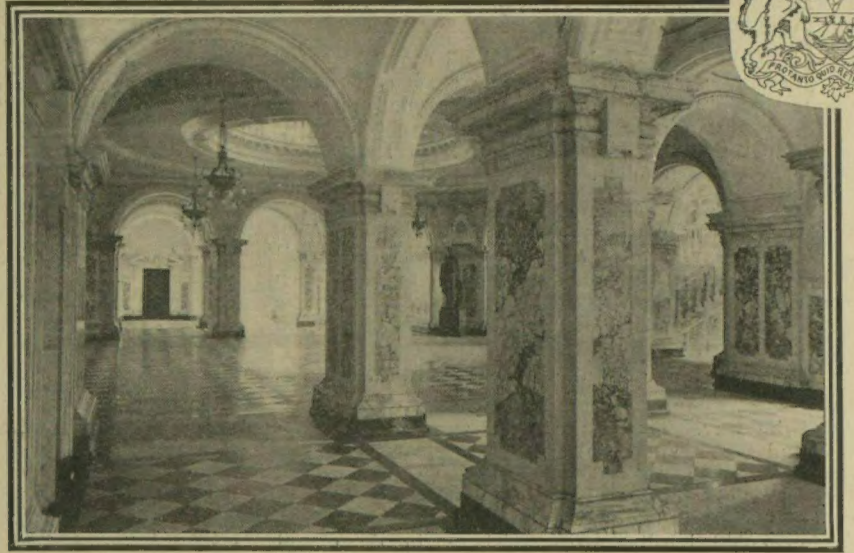
The Minster stands on the site of a wooden church of 627, and a stone cathedral of 767. The present building ranges in date from 1069 to 1472.

# A MUNICIPAL PALACE: BELFAST'S NEW CITY HALL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER R. HOGG.



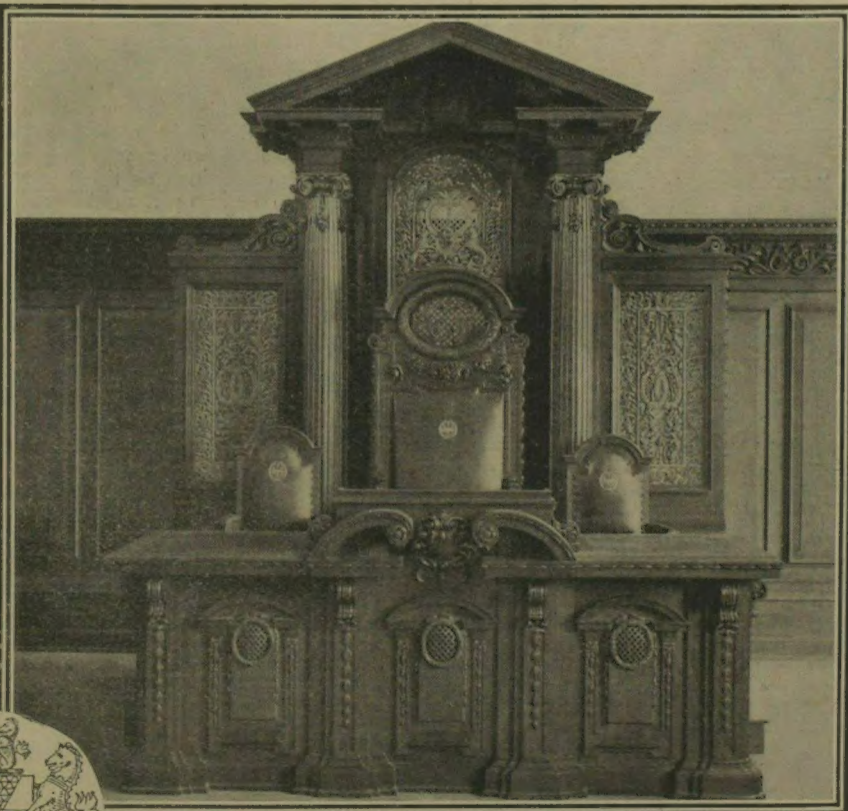
THE STATELY VESTIBULE.



THE MAGNIFICENT ENTRANCE-HALL.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW CITY HALL, BELFAST.



THE SEAT OF CIVIC AUTHORITY: THE LORD MAYOR'S CHAIR.



THE PUBLIC HALL OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.



The Belfast City Hall, opened on August 2 by Lord Aberdeen, stands in the grounds at the centre of Donegal Square. The building occupies an acre and a half out of about five acres of ground, and the remainder is laid out as a public garden. The principal façade is 300 feet long, and the side façades 230 feet long. The height of the building to the parapet is 55 feet, and the height of the main dome is 175 feet. The building provides accommodation for the city officials. The dome and entrance-hall are treated with a marble scheme in which the most beautiful Greek and Italian marbles have been used. Carrara, Pavonnazzo, Brescia, and Cippolino marbles have all contributed to the general scheme; but the principal point of beauty lies in the monolithic Cippolino columns forming the colonnade at the first-floor landing. The cost has been about £300,000. The architect, Mr. A. Bramwell Thomas, has been engaged ten years on the work.

## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

LAST week I humanely advised the tourist in Scotland to consult Murray's list of dates of local holidays, and to avoid travelling on these days. But you cannot avoid them! Tuesday, July 17, seemed a safe day enough for a journey to far Lochaber. One did not observe the warning words, "Hamilton excursion," for one was not told in what direction the people of Hamilton were to pursue Pleasure.

So I made for far Lochaber, and all seemed normal till my train reached Tyndrum, a little station known by name to students of the campaigns of Robert Bruce and the great Montrose. From green and lonely Tyndrum the line descends rapidly to the levels of Loch Awe, distant some fifteen miles.

The course seemed clear, but there were lions in the way; and it proved that the proverb is correct which assures us that "it is a far cry to Loch Awe." In the midst of a mountain moor there is a deep green cutting, commanded by a signalman's hut. The place has a name, Glenloch, but there is no station and no platform.

In this gloomy hole, dripping under a rainy fog, our train paused, while excursion-trains passed on the other side of the way. The excursionists were not like the priest and the Levite in the parable. They were bad Samaritans. They took plenty of notice of us: rattled with their sticks on our windows, and addressed us in terms of friendly intimacy, which even long and familiar affection could hardly justify. There, in deep and damp Glenloch we tarried for an hour and a half, only enlivened by the jeers of the young men and women of Hamilton, for Hamilton had poured forth her thousands to revel at Oban, "the Charing Cross of the 'Ighlands.'" It was not gay, though one must confess that the daughters of Hamilton are remarkably handsome, in the fair Venetian style. Artists will find desirable models at Hamilton, but a fleeting vision of these bright beings does not compensate for a stay of ninety minutes in the dismal cutting of Glenloch. Perhaps the arrangements were not the best that human wisdom could devise, nor did I arrive that night at remote Lochaber.

I have mentioned that an American author, in the *Critic* for July, professes to have found the French original of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" in a French poem on the decease of a Breton Colonel. The French poem he publishes, and certainly either the Moore lament is a translation from it, or the French is a translation from the English.

The source quoted for the French is the *Memoirs of Lally Tollendal*, by his son. Here is a sample—

## FRENCH.

D'inutile cercueil ni de drap funéraire  
Nous ne daignons point entourer le héros;  
Il gisait dans les plis du manteau militaire,  
Comme un guerrier qui dort son heure de repos.

## ENGLISH.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

The French professes to be copied from "Les Mémoires de Lally Tollendal," published by his son. No date of publication is given by Mr. Henry N. Hall, the discoverer.

Now the British Museum contains no copy of a book styled "Les Mémoires de Lally Tollendal," by his son. The son collected, for the benefit of his father's character, "Mémoires et Plaidoyers" (Paris, Rouen, et Dijon, 1779-1780). This collection is not in the Museum Library, nor is it cited by M. Alfred Meyer in a pamphlet on Lally, dedicated to M. Zola. M. Meyer does not speak of the "Mémoires et Plaidoyers," but quotes from other sources; it cannot be a common book, even if it were intended for more than private circulation. The collection was presented to the *Conseil d'Etat*, and was an assortment of documents in quarto.

One would not expect to find an elegiac poem even in the appendix to such a collection of legal and historical materials, put together in defence of the dead Lally Tollendal. Mr. Henry N. Hall ought to give more accurate and minute references to the source of his discovery, which, at present, I am unable to verify.

Hoping to look deeper into this remarkable discovery, I do not insinuate that Mr. Hall is amusing himself with a well-known old form of a literary jest. Somebody translated, in Dr. Johnson's time, a good deal of Milton into Latin verse, which he then produced as proof that Milton had plagiarised from a Latin poet. In a newspaper another wag translated a lyric of Scott's into Latin, and accused Sir Walter of having boldly stolen from that original. Thus the hoax is of a common species; but be it far from me to say that the French original of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is a hoax. Nevertheless, it is well to make inquiries. Not long ago a great American savant sent me an American magazine containing letters of 1745-46. The writer described his adventures with Prince Charlie's army in England, and spoke much of a strange, huge, learned English recruit—namely, Dr. Johnson. Nobody knows, Boswell did not know, where the Doctor was in 1745; and—here he was! My American friend asked me whether the letters were genuine or not.

Of course they were not. They described Lord John Drummond as in England with his force at the end of 1745. He never came near the Border, in fact, and the little hoax was easily detected. Still, where was Dr. Johnson at that interesting moment in what he called "a gallant enterprise"? Perhaps, like the Highlander in the Gaelic song, he "had a very great mind to be rising."

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

A SIMPLE PAWN.—Many thanks for attention, but there is no safety in a host of advisers.

A W DANIEL.—Thanks for problem. The game is welcome, and shall be dealt with as you desire.

G F H Packer.—We are pleased to hear from you again, and the promised budget will be most acceptable.

H MAXWELL PRIDEAUX.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3220, 3230, 3231, 3232, received from J C (Valparaiso); of No. 3239 from L C (St. Helena Bay) and F J (Natal); of No. 3240 from Laurent Changuion, Gus Bauer (Bloemfontein), Girindra Chandra Mukherji (Mymensingh, Bengal), V C (Cape Town), and J R U (Cape Town); of No. 3241 from M Shaida Ali Kliao (Rampur, India), and Laurent Changuion; of No. 3242 from F B Saumenig (New York), and F R (Brussels); of No. 3244 from Frank W Atchinson and M Burke; of No 3246 from G F H Packer (Cambridge), M Burke, G O Warren (Paignton), Hereward, H W Bick (Camberwell), G Collins (Burgess Hill), F Mas'sers (Brighton), and George F.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3247 received from E J Winter Wood (Paignton), R Worters (Canterbury), F Masters, F Waller, Albert Wolff (Putney), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), George F, Reginald Gordon, and F Jardine.

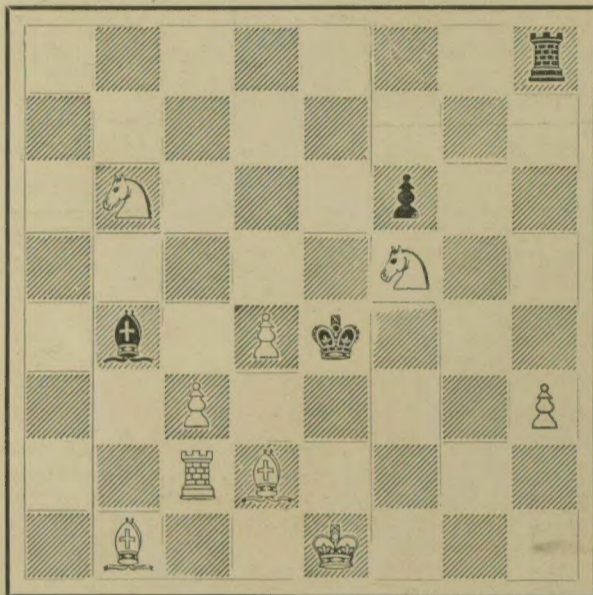
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3246.—By E. BASKERVILLE HICKOX.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Kt (K 2nd) to B 4th. Any move  
2. Q, B, or R mates accordingly

NOTE.—Several correspondents attempt a solution of this problem by 1. B to B 7th, and 1. P to K 6th. Further examination will show a defence in each case.

PROBLEM No. 3249.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

We append for holiday amusement a selection of gamelets played at Ostend and elsewhere, in which the players were not ordinary amateurs, but experts of the front rank.

## CHESS IN OSTEND.

Game played between Messrs. BURN and PERLIS.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. B to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	14. B to Q 4th	B to B sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	15. P to B 4th	Q to K 2nd
4. P takes P	P takes P	16. P to B 5th	P takes Kt
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	17. P takes Kt	Q to Kt 5th
6. B to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd	18. R to Q 8th (ch)	K to K 2nd
7. P to K 3rd	B to Q 3rd	19. B to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd
8. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd	20. B takes P (ch)	Resigns
9. Q to Kt 4th	B takes Kt		
10. P takes B	K to B sq		
11. Castles	Kt to B 4th		
12. P to K 4th	P to Q 5th		

Another Game from the Tournament, played between

Messrs. MIKSES and TCHIGORIN.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. R to B sq	Kt takes B
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	12. Q to Q 7th	P to K 3rd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	13. Kt takes K B P	Q to B 7th
4. Q to Kt 4th	Q to B 3rd	14. R takes Q	B takes R
5. Kt to Q 5th	Q takes P (ch)	15. Kt to R 5th	Resigns.
6. K to Q sq	K to B sq		
7. Kt to R 3rd	Q to Q 5th		
8. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
9. Q to K 4th	B takes Kt		
10. Q takes B	Kt to R 4th		

Game played at the Rice Chess Club, New York, between

Messrs. RUBENSTEIN and PHILLIPS.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. Kt to K 5th (ch)	K to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	16. Kt takes Q	R to R 2nd
3. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P	17. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
4. B to B 4th	P to Q 3rd	18. P to B 5th (ch)	K to B 2nd
5. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B 3rd	19. R to Q 8th	P to Kt 4th
6. Kt takes P	P to B 3rd	20. K R to Q sq	Resigns.
7. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd		
8. B to K Kt 5th	Q to Kt 3rd		
9. P to K R 4th	P to K R 4th		
10. Castles Q R	Kt to B 4th		
11. Q to Kt 4th	P to Q 4th		
12. B takes P	Kt to Q 6th (ch)		
13. R takes Kt	B takes Q		
14. B takes P (ch)	K takes B		

Game played at the Franklin Chess Club, Philadelphia, between

Messrs. MAROCZY and MORGAN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. Maroczy)	BLACK (Mr. Morgan)	WHITE (Mr. Maroczy)	BLACK (Mr. Morgan)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. P to Q 4th	B to Kt 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. P to Q R 4th	R to Q Kt sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	11. P takes P	P takes P
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	12. P to Q 5th	Resigns.
5. Castles	B to K 2nd		
6. R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4th		
7. B to Kt 3rd	Castles		
8. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		

Black's tenth move is the fatal mistake, and it is not a little curious that a commentator of Black's repute should fall a victim to a new pitfall in this famous opening.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

IT does not require any but a very superficial interest in maritime affairs to afford grounds for the expression of an opinion that collisions and casualties at sea have been inordinately frequent of late days. Collisions between steamers, the running-down by steamers of sailing vessels, and even disasters in which sailing ships were alone involved—to say nothing of strandings and wrecks—such are the details that have figured very frequently in the records of recent shipping movements and affairs. I do not suppose it is possible to arrive at any very exact conclusion regarding the increase of disasters at sea—always assuming one is right in believing that of late they have been over-numerous—but, on the other hand, that the lamentable occurrences do not simply represent the sport and play of the indeterminable entity we are pleased to name "chance."

It is easy to show how, apart from any question of downright carelessness—due, say, to inebriety, or it might be to lack of knowledge of seamanship—there are certain natural causes that might, if set in operation from one reason or another, contribute to disaster. Take the case of colour-blindness, for example. Here is a well-known condition, which if represented in the case of ships' officers or engine-drivers is, of course, regarded as fatal to any chance of their being employed. Obviously, a man who cannot at once recognise a red or a green light cannot be trusted with the safety of a ship or a train, and the Board of Trade takes good care to see that the physical perfection in respect of sight of responsible officials is duly tested by scientific means. But let us suppose that in, say, tramp-steamers, where discipline is often slack, the steering of the ship and the look-out are left even temporarily in the hands of seamen who have never been tested for colour-blindness, we see in such a case all the elements represented of a fine catastrophe. The very perfection to which engineering, both in the case of railways and of steam-ships, has attained offers in itself another consideration worthy of notice. The complex machinery is more liable to disorganisation than that of simple type, and this is the reason, perhaps, why even in the matter of railway signalling, perfect as it is, we may discern another side that shows us its liability to occasional lapses.

Mr. D. Heron was commissioned by the Drapers' Company to make a series of investigations into the relationship which exists between human increase and fertility and the social condition of the individuals or classes studied. The investigations, I understand, refer to a period represented by the last twenty years. Now, this is one of the most important researches science could be commissioned to undertake. We have had a Departmental Committee sitting on the question of physical deterioration, and such investigations as Mr. Heron has made present us with valuable additions to the kind of knowledge on which the Committee may base its conclusions.

Herbert Spencer long ago declared that if the increase of the lower orders of society exceeded that of the intellectual, or at least educated, classes, in time we should see a swamping in our social state of superior by inferior units—that is, inferior as regards the ability and power to carry on and evolve the world's work and progress. That which Spencer feared, Professor Karl Pearson tells us has come to pass. The mentally better stock of the nation is not increasing at the same rate as it did in former decades. The less able and the less energetic, he concludes, are more fertile than the better stocks. Mr. Heron shows that, despite the fact that the death-rate among infants among the lower orders is very great indeed, it fails to restore the balance of things; there is still the increase of the lower strata as compared with strata of a socially higher class. Nor is this all; the difference in the rate of increase in the two classes seems to have doubled itself in 1901, over its limits of 1851. These are disquieting facts. They will cause thoughtful people to ponder over the ultimate fate of a nation in which a kind of "race suicide" is being represented. They will also, and justly, cause sociologists to look to the changed national life for some explanation of the non-fertility of the classes. The pursuit of luxury and wealth, the craving for amusement, the light regard of life's duties and responsibilities—shall we be very far off the mark when we think of such conditions as the obverse of those which are needed to build up a noble and firm Ship of State?

The recent death of Señor Manuel Garcia should be noted, if only by way of showing how an important discovery meant to be applied to one branch of education or inquiry occasionally attains its highest usefulness in connection with another department. On March 22, 1855, Garcia communicated to the Royal Society his paper on "Observations on the Human Voice." Garcia was a musician, of course, and a famous teacher. He was deeply interested in the study of the mechanisms of the larynx, or voice-box, and of the contained vocal chords, through the vibration of which voice is produced. He hit upon a method whereby, through the deft use of a small mirror, he could witness the movements of the larynx, and as a result invented the instrument known as the laryngoscope. Quickly, the medical profession saw that such an instrument was precisely that which was needed in their work to give them a view of the hinder throat and voice-box parts, to aid their diagnosis of disease; and so the discovery of Garcia passed into the field of medicine, and became one of the most valued aids of the doctor.

If we were to add to the laryngoscope, the clinical thermometer for testing the body's temperature, and the stethoscope for sounding the chest, we should probably have selected three of the most prominent instruments the use of which has contributed to the advance of the healing art. But Garcia's name will be held always in remembrance as the giver from music to medicine of a gift of supreme value.

ANDREW WILSON.

# THE RECORD CHAMPIONSHIP CRICKET TUSSLE. SURREY'S VICTORY OVER YORKSHIRE.



## EVENTS OF THE GREAT MATCH AT THE OVAL.

This match, to which cricketers have been looking forward with so keen an interest, was decided on July 26, 27, and 28, when Yorkshire met Surrey at the Oval, and was badly beaten. Lees and Knox dismissed the White Rose Eleven for 186, to which Surrey replied with 387, founded on fine scores by Hayward, Hayes, and Crawford, and good work by Lees and Lord Dalmeny. To this effort Yorkshire responded with 297, and Surrey, with 97 to win, lost but one wicket in the making. The match was for the benefit of the Surrey professional, Lees, who is said to have cleared £2000. Our photographs (except one by Halfstones and one by Illustrations Bureau) are by Baker and Muggeridge.

# COUNTRY HOUSE PARTIES ON THE WATER: YACHTING SOCIETY AT COWES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY KILG.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, Aug. 4, 1906.—160

FAMOUS YACHT-OWNERS AND A TYPICAL RACE ON THE SOLENT. 7

This week Cowes has been in its glory, and the familiar figures of the great country house parties have transferred their hospitable entertainments from their mansions to their floating palaces. The Royal Yacht Squadron was founded in 1815, and the club has its headquarters in the famous building that was originally a fort built by Henry VIII. in 1540.

# "BIG MEDICINE" IN NATAL: WITCH DOCTOR'S RITES AT A ZULU FUNERAL.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY A MEDICAL OFFICER IN NATAL.



A ZULU FUNERAL: THE WEIRD BURIAL OF NOUGOMA, BROTHER OF THE CHIEF MFDHLENI.

On another page we print a full description of this extraordinary scene, written by the medical officer who witnessed it. The official examination of the murdered man was rendered almost impossible by the influence of the witch doctors, who were suspected of having caused the crime. It is their custom to cut out the nape of the neck from a dead body. Out of this they melt the fat with which they anoint any person whom they wish to commit outrage. The person so anointed is believed to be entirely in the witch doctor's power. When at length the funeral was allowed to start, it proceeded down

a rough road leading from the chief's hut, the men marching on one side, the women on the other. In the background are the doctor and two Natal Mounted Police officers. The body was carried in blankets by eight "chiefs," the two front men carrying twigs as a sign of peace. The chief's mother came behind the bearers, and behind the mother was a woman carrying the sticks and spear of the dead man. Mourners wrapped entirely in blankets followed. Two of these carried the dead man's war assegais. Many of the mourners were wrapped in their white blankets and walked with covered heads.

## FAMOUS YACHTS OF FAMOUS OWNERS AT COWES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIRK.



THE MARQUESS OF ORMONDE'S (THE COMMODORE'S) STEAM-YACHT "MIRAGE," 190 TONS.



MR. HOWARD GOULD'S STEAM-YACHT "NIAGARA," 1441 TONS.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S STEAM-YACHT "ERIN," 1242 TONS



SIR GEORGE NEWNES' TURBINE STEAM-YACHT "ALBION," 1346 TONS.



THE EARL OF LONSDALE'S STEAM-YACHT "NORSEMAN," 521 TONS.



MR. ALBERT BRASSEY'S YACHT "CZARINA," 564 TONS.

## CRACK YACHTS OF ROYAL AND OTHER OWNERS AT COWES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIRK.



THE FAMOUS YACHT "SOVEREIGN" (522 tons)  
BELONGING TO LORD BRASSEY.



THE YACHT "VALHALLA" (1490 tons)  
BELONGING TO THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.



THE KAISERS YACHT "METEOR" (155 tons)



THE KINGS YACHT "BRITANNIA" (221 tons)



THE KING OF SPAIN'S YACHT "GIRALDA" (1664 tons)



THE KINGS YACHT "VICTORIA & ALBERT" (1700 tons)

### GREAT RACERS IN THE YACHTING OLYMPIA.

The white-winged fleet at Cowes is one of the most wonderful sights of the world. Yachting is the sport of kings and millionaires; but less favoured mortals who have the opportunity of witnessing the races have the not inconsiderable pleasure of the eye. This year's Cowes Regatta begins on August 6.

# WHERE TO FREEZE IN AUGUST: LONDON'S POLAR REGIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE AND HYDE.



PROOF AGAINST DECAY: FROZEN LAMB.



THE PIONEER  
AND MARTYR OF  
COLD STORAGE:  
LORD BACON.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, in 1626 was experimenting in cold storage. He got out of his coach at Highgate to gather snow to stuff a fowl, caught a chill and died.



A LAMB, FLEECE AND ALL, IN A BLOCK OF ICE.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF COLD STORAGE.

Lord Bacon experimented with a frozen fowl, 1626.  
Refrigeration first applied to steamers, 1880.  
In the years immediately following refrigeration was applied to storage generally.  
Average temperature of (a steamer's hold) 16 deg. to 20 deg. Fahrenheit—  
or London store) i.e., 12 deg. to 16 deg. of frost.  
In theory frozen meat may be kept for years.  
In practice it is kept only for a month or two.  
Nearly every industry makes use of cold storage, and it is employed by the great costumiers for the preservation of furs in summer.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF COLD STORAGE.

In 1882 New Zealand exported to England 8839 carcasses.  
By 1884 the total export had risen to 412,349 carcasses.  
In 1891 the total had risen to 1,906,002 carcasses.  
In 1900 it had reached the extraordinary total of 3,154,799 carcasses.  
During the same year Australia sent 943,688 sheep and lambs.  
While the quarters and pieces of beef exported numbered 279,953.  
In New Zealand and Australia the meat-freezing works number 40.  
Refrigerating ships plying between Australia and British ports number 140.  
One of the biggest London cold storages holds 200,000 sheep.  
The firm has delivered in one week 40,000 carcasses.

## IN A COLD STORAGE.

The London cold storages form one of the most wonderful sights of the metropolis. There, on the hottest summer day, the visitor encounters Arctic cold. The workmen employed in the stores wear a costume resembling that adopted by explorers in the Polar regions. The garments are of thick felt, and their boots are swathed in some similar material, without which protection it is inadvisable to remain in a cold storage for any considerable time. The porters, however, who carry the carcasses out and in are kept sufficiently warm by their occupation, and do not need special clothing. The interior of the store, a huge, windowless building of brick and stone, for the most part underground, resembles a Polar landscape. All the walls and the expansion-pipes crossing the roof are coated with gleaming hoar frost, exhibiting the most beautiful forms of snow crystals.



A LONDON LAP DEFYING FROST IN AUGUST:  
COLD-STORAGE MAN ENJOYING BOVRIL.



A MIRACLE OF ARTIFICIAL FROST: A SNOW  
MAN IN LONDON IN AUGUST.

## HOW IT'S DONE.

Refrigeration is produced by various processes—  
by ammonia, carbonic acid gas, and the circulation of brine cooled by ammonia.  
In the largest cold storage in London, that of the Colonial Consignment and Distributing Co., at Nelson's Wharf, ammonia gas is condensed by powerful machinery until it is liquefied. It is then driven along pipes until it reaches a point where it is suddenly made to expand by being forced through small apertures. At the moment the gas assumes its original bulk it absorbs a great amount of heat, and thus produces intense cold in the surrounding atmosphere. The gas is condensed once more, again made to expand, and so the process goes on in regular rotation. The same material may be used again and again for an almost indefinite period. The hoar frost on the outside of the expansion-pipes arises from the freezing of the moisture in the air.

The operation of defrosting beef presented many difficulties. Sir Montague Nelson set himself to discover some method of thawing the frozen beef from Queensland which would put the meat on the market in a form more suitable for the consumer's table, and bring out its best qualities; and about five years ago he hit upon a method which is not only a commercial success, but completely removes the signs of the freezing. This process, which is now in operation at Nelson's Wharf, is as simple as possible, and no chemicals are used. The beef is hung over an open platform about six inches from the floor. Beneath this platform are hot-water pipes. On one side of the thawing-chamber a screen is hung, and behind this are freezing-pipes. Here, then, are two opposing forces, and an interesting contest goes on. The process commences on, say, Monday, at 'freezing-point': the temperature is gradually raised, until on the Wednesday it comes up to 60 deg. In the result the thawed beef is left dry and well set, seeming to the touch and eye like fresh home-killed meat.



THE ARTIFICIAL JACK FROST'S WORK: REMOVING HOAR FROST FROM THE  
EXPANSION-PIPES IN THE STORE.



A COOL GAME FOR BLAZING AUGUST: SNOW-  
BALLING IN A COLD-STORAGE ESTABLISHMENT.

## THINGS OLD AND NEW OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A £250,000 FIRE AT LEEDS: THE GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL.

The fire broke out in the premises of Messrs. Hotham and Whiting, and Messrs. Hepworth and Sons, clothiers, of Wellington Street, Leeds, and spread to the Great Northern Hotel. Top floors were burnt out and four handsome towers destroyed.



THE GREAT FIRE AT LEEDS: THE WRECK OF THE CLOTHIERS' PREMISES.

The Great Northern Hotel, one of the most important in the city, was crowded when the fire broke out, but fortunately there was no loss of life, although the mishap caused tremendous consternation.



Photo. Topical.

WHERE ENGLISH KINGS SLEEP IN FRANCE: THE ABBEY OF FONTEVRAULT.

It was rumoured that the tombs of Richard Cœur de Lion, of Henry II. and his wife, Queen Eleanor, and of Queen Isabella in Fontevault Abbey were to be given to England, but the French Government has no intention of doing so.



Photo. Topical.

RETAINED BY FRANCE: THE TOMB OF HENRY II. OF ENGLAND AND ELEANOR OF GUIENNE AT FONTEVRAULT.

Henry married Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Guienne, the divorced Queen of Louis VII. of France. Their effigies are to remain at Fontevault.



Photo. Topical.

THE TOMB OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION AND OF ISABELLA OF ANGOULÊME, WIFE OF KING JOHN.

A tomb of Cœur de Lion is also shown at Rouen, but there his heart only rests. He left his body to Anjou, his viscera to Poitiers, and his heart to Rouen.



Photo. Russell.

THE KING'S FAREWELL TO HIS 3RD SCOTS GUARDS: HIS MAJESTY PASSING BETWEEN THE LINES.

On July 28, in view of the disbandment of the 3rd Scots Guards, the battalion was inspected by the King at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty expressed regret that he should have to take leave of so fine a body of men, and he trusted that they would give him their colours, which he would guard at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty hoped that his successor, if not himself, would see the battalion reincorporated.



# SOCIETY'S RACING PICNIC: LUNCH UNDER THE TREES AT GOODWOOD.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

Goodwood, which marks the close of the season, is said not to be quite the function it was: but it is still brilliant enough, and as long as the King patronises it, the meeting will never fall from its high estate. One of its most delightful features is luncheon under the trees. Goodwood House, the Duke of Richmond's seat, where his Grace entertains the King for the races, has a park famous for its cedars. The race meeting was founded in 1802, but its importance, since 1825, was due to the exertions of the celebrated sportsman, Lord George Bentinck.

## A CONCLUSIVE PROOF THAT OUR ROADS SHOULD BE IMPROVED:

DIFFERENCES IN DUST CAUSED BY DIFFERENT MOTOR SPEEDS.



NO DUST AT TEN MILES AN HOUR ON A ROAD AN INCH DEEP WITH DUST.

It will be seen that at this speed the car, although fitted with non-skidding tyres, raises no dust at all; but it would be absurd to limit the speed to this pace.



THE DUST RAISED AT FIFTEEN MILES AN HOUR.

The cloud is inconsiderable, and compares very favourably with that raised by a horse and trap going at far less speed.



THE DUST RAISED AT THE LEGAL LIMIT, TWENTY MILES AN HOUR.

Although there is more dust here, it is not sufficient to cause the outcry that has been made.



THE DUST RAISED AT THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR

The increase in dust caused by the increase in speed is, after all, not very considerable, which makes the limit of twenty miles an hour irrational.



THE DUST RAISED AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR.

The extra five miles makes very little increase in the dust, as will be seen by comparison with the last photograph.



THE DUST RAISED AT FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

This speed is, of course, used only on open and unfrequented roads. The car here shown, a 28-h.p. Daimler, is not one that raises much dust.

These photographs conclusively prove the fitness of the recommendation of the Report of the Royal Commission on Motor-Cars that taxation of motors should be applied to the up-keep and improvement of roads.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY TOPICAL PRESS.

# ROAD SURFACE AND DUST-MAKING AND THE GREAT MOTOR PROBLEM.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



THE DUSTLESS MOUNTAIN ROAD IN SCOTLAND.  
Such a road is very sandy, but is practically dustless.



ON WOOD: NO DUST IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.  
The trouble scarcely exists in town, and wood pavements give no trouble at all.



DUSTY MACADAM: A COUNTRY ROAD UNWATERED.  
Motorists coming behind another motor know the sorrows of macadamised roads unwatered.



THE CURE FOR DUSTY MACADAM: A WELL-WATERED ROAD.  
Most of the village corporations are now watering their macadam, with good effect.



DUSTLESS TAR MACADAM UNDER A TOURING CAR.  
Tar macadam is extremely satisfactory, as its firm surface gives no chance for dust-raising.



SATISFACTORY ASPHALT: STILL NO DUST.  
Asphalt surface is as good as tar macadam. The haze behind the furthest car is caused by exhaust.



A SUCCESSFUL CURE: A ROAD TREATED WITH DUSTROYD.  
The new substance, dustroyd, is most satisfactory, and its effects are practically permanent.



A CONTRAST: A CAR PASSING FROM DUSTROYD TO MACADAM.  
The photograph was taken just at the point where dustroyd treatment begins.

FOR A TABLE OF THE COMPARATIVE COST OF VARIOUS KINDS OF PAVING AND ROADS, SEE ANOTHER PAGE.

## THE MAKING OF A MAN

BY

MAYNE LINDSAY

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

## PART I.

MESSITER stepped back from his easel, where one of his delicate little paintings—the gems that connoisseurs pronounced flawless, and bought at extravagant prices—was growing mysteriously, like a living thing. The canvas as it stood, shrouded in suggestion, was a peephole into Eastern sunshine. In the foreground a woman looked back, over her shoulder, jar poised on head; she was laughing, coquetting with the observer at the peephole, mocking his inability to step through it into the Arabian Nights. Messiter walked forward and twirled a brush, and lo! her swift foot, bare toes curling, depressed the yellow sand.

The painter made an O of his fingers, and looked through it, head askew and eyes half closed. He had caught her somewhere in Arabia; she represented a colour scheme with which he had reason to be pleased. The invitation in her glance, the lure of Delilah, was part of the feeling necessary to the composition. He was not thinking of that; but he was vexed by something unsatisfactory in the tone of her draperies. He glanced at some warm-hued stuffs thrown about a lay figure, but they did not help him; the grey London light depressed them hopelessly.

Presently he sighed, and scraped his palette, and took off his studio-coat. He went away and washed his hands, looking at himself in a glass as he did so, and taking fastidious care to dispel the smell of turpentine. He held his long fingers up before the light to see if his nails were perfection, and when he was satisfied he sprinkled scent over them. Then he picked his way past the heaped and costly things with which, in effective defiance of order, the studio glowed, and so came out to a Kensington street, to be challenged by November afternoon. There was mud on the pavement, spatter after the rain of the morning; he looked at it with some disgust, and stood upon the doorstep until a hansom answered his hail.

He was a stout, fair young man of twenty-eight, with a reddish, silky beard trimmed to a point over full cheeks, and the blonde complexion that goes with pale eyelashes. His were certainly pale, but there were violet eyes behind them. He was not quite good-looking, though the eyes were remarkable; he looked more prosperous than striking, too plump to inspire romance. He was, however, early a successful man; and he had been petted to excess by his own world. He had the shapely hands of his craft; he folded them sleekly, in rather a feminine way, on his knees as he was driven along. It seemed as if he could never quite forget them.

The cab jingled into a broad, tree-lined street of substantial mansions. As it swung round the corner, a girl opened a gate, a collie barked, and the pair, turning backs upon Messiter, walked away over the autumn leaf-litter.

The painter leaned forward, blushing, his red lips parted. The girl had a springy step, free with the zest of youth; she wore a long brown coat thrown open over a gleam of scarlet. She owned, at a guess, health and the joy of living; in the moment she showed a profile of breeding as well as beauty. She was as good as sunshine in the sober street, and the young man warmed his heart at her.

He stopped at the gate she had left and dismissed the cabman, and followed her progress greedily until she was out of sight. Then he rang the bell, and asked for Sir Herbert Eldred. The servant replied that Sir Herbert was in town; but he went on to say that Miss Clotilde was in the studio, and that Miss Cicely was expected back for tea. He held the door in invitation while he spoke.

"I'll go up. You needn't come," Messiter said, walking through an ample hall familiarly. He stopped midway to gaze at a world-known painting which looked down upon him. He stepped to the balustrade of the staircase and clasped his fine hands over it, supping at the feast of colour.

"It's good in its way," he reflected, inclining his head sideways again. "Crimson—how the man wallows in crimson! I could mend the modelling of that woman's shoulder for him: it's lumpy. There are too

many high lights on the marble; Eldred is too exuberant: he hasn't my refinement. There's the way to get a handle to your name, of course. 'Sir Herbert!'—Oh, he likes it: it suits his taste."

He went on up the stairs and pushed open a door in the gallery. It admitted him to a studio, which outstripped his own in conventional prosperity and stateliness very much, Messiter decided, as Eldred the Royal Academician outshone him in a florid effectiveness. He smiled complacently at the simile, approving the distinction.

A fire was burning on the open hearth, a white bearskin sprawling before it, and little impish reflections leaping in the beaten copper dogs. His eye sped to the red core of flame; he withdrew it with a perceptible effort to the young woman who was raising eyebrows at him from a high stool.

Eldred's picture, Eldred's statuary, all conceived on the grand scale, in the spirit of a prince of painters, made up a sum of magnificence. It was characteristic of Clotilde Eldred that she could sit unabashed in the middle of these splendours, industriously painting a group of onions and an Italian oil-bottle. It was also characteristic of her that the glance she turned upon Messiter showed no recognition of him as the flattered man, the darling of fastidious souls. She

Clotilde drew aside, hugging her palette, and looking queerly at him.

"I think I said it was for a competition," she said slowly. "Shall I explain to you, Johnny? You don't seem to have grasped my meaning."

Messiter slipped back, blushing again. There was something ludicrous in his red cheeks and whipped air. He looked contemptuously at the onions. Presently he blew out a cloud of smoke and said—

"Who judges?"

"Mr. Folkes," Clotilde said, resuming her labours with a grimace that inferred some malicious appreciation of his discomfiture.

"Oh, well! I daresay it may do for Folkes," Messiter said, and so went away to the bearskin.

Clotilde's grimace turned sour.

"You and I are quite alone, Johnny," she said, after a pause. "I am in a vicious mood, and you know I can never resist the temptation of skinning little soft bits off you, because you are such a spoiled, precocious infant. Perhaps you had better run away and play in the library until Cicely comes to keep the peace."

Messiter laughed, a deprecatory laugh, and looked at the poise of the cigarette between his fingers. The sight seemed to give him pleasure and with it, by some unseen process, courage; his heightened colour re-

mained, and he became a little scant of breath; but he emerged from cover.

"Don't let us quarrel," he said softly. The girl looked at him with suspicion. "I want to be alone with you. I want your help and advice."

"Humph!" Clotilde said rudely, and then felt ashamed of her unfriendly attitude. She wheeled on the stool, and held the palette in her lap.

"I am a regular ogre to you, I believe; and it is so quaint that I sometimes get carried away by the situation. Of course, I shall be very glad to give you any advice you want from me." She was, possibly in spite of herself, a little softened by the appeal.

Messiter gave his eyes full play, and purred on.

"I want you to tell me why Cicely hesitates to marry me."

"Is that it?" The palette dropped with a clatter. Clotilde slid off the stool and gazed at him with immediate interest. "You don't mean to say that you have asked her?"

"Didn't she tell you?"

"As if she would! Cicely has a sense of honour that you are not the one to appreciate, John."

Messiter blinked his pale lashes at her, trying

to see what impression his words had made. For once, her thrust failed to pierce him; he was entrenched behind conjectures. He never doubted Clotilde's word, and he was convinced of her power to elucidate her sister's behaviour; his own sense of shy confusion before her, so far removed from complacency, had given him a deep opinion of her abilities.

"You knew, perhaps, without being told."

"No; I did not. I knew it would come, of course, because I saw that you have put Cicely before yourself latterly. That was tantamount to a confession in you, and it was so amazing that it could have only one meaning."

"Well, I have asked her," Messiter said. "I have told her that I am—that I can make her life full of interest, and full of distinction; she knows all that, too, without the telling. I am very much attached to her." There was a quiver in his voice; Clotilde assigned it to self-pity, and mentally dubbed it a whine. "I am ready to live where she pleases, and as she pleases. All this approval and—and notoriety is hers to share, if she cares for it. And I must have her," he added to himself, with a throb of yearning that seemed to compress his heart. He had never been so much in earnest about anything that had not straightway dropped into his mouth; he had attained success almost as soon as he had coveted it; he had had more money than he required for years past. Here he was, for the first time, deeply in love; and it seemed incredible that Cicely should not yield to him as gladly as the world had done.

His pulses quivered at the thought of her, of the unrest with which she filled him, of the acute, almost

[Continued overleaf.]



He stopped at the gate she had left and followed her progress greedily until she was out of sight.



*Photo, Topical.*

**ALL ON THE SURFACE: A NEW FRENCH MOTOR-BOAT.**  
The ricochet "Nautilus" skims the water the moment any speed is obtained.



*Photo, Abernethy.*

**CABLE COMMUNICATION WITH ICELAND: THE STEAMER EFFECTING IT.**  
On July 23 the cable steam-ship "Cambria" began to lay the cable from Burwick, Shetland.



*Photo, Cass.*

**MAKING A NATION OF MARKSMEN: THE HAM AND PETERSHAM RANGE.**  
Where Lord Roberts gave the prizes at the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs' meeting.



**THE CROWN'S GIFT TO JERSEY: MONT D'ORGUEIL.**

The castle overlooking the beautiful bay of Grouville, lately a barracks and signal-station.



**A BRITISH RACEHORSE LEASED TO HUNGARY: WILLIAM RUFUS.**  
Sir James Musker has leased William Rufus to the Kisber Stud, in Hungary.



*Photo, Not.*

**ELECTRIC POWER FOR NORTH WALES: A DIVER UNBRIDLING THE FORCE.**  
The diver is descending with a hand-mine to blast out the last obstacle to the water.



*Photo, Andrews.*

**A NEW IRISH HARBOUR: ROSSLARE.**  
The new harbour at Rosslare was opened on July 21 by the Lord Lieutenant.



*Photo, Not.*

**THE NEW OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-BATH ON TOOTING COMMON.**  
The bathing-lake, which has cost £7700, was opened on July 28.

painful delight with which he was oppressed in her presence. He was quite bewildered by the strength of his passion, unable to understand why he, John Messiter, the man who was a figure of distinction in Paris and New York as well as in London; the man who had painted things that would live long after the work of most of his contemporaries was accounted lumber, should be possessed by this tantalising madness. Clotilde, looking at him, saw a stout young man, not handsome at all, and with his thoughts making him glum, standing foolishly before her.

The sight, her recent compunction notwithstanding, filled her with a fine rage on Cicely's behalf. She, with her dear, wholesome soul, her beauty, her high spirit, marry Messiter! They had known him too long to have any illusions about him; he had grown up outwardly, but inside he was still the same vain, unpleasant Johnny. Clotilde could make him ridiculous at any moment—for the matter of that, he was ridiculous now. As if it mattered a straw whether he painted well or ill! He was an immature creature, abnormally touchy, and a bundle of conceit and affectation. She had never disliked him more than at that instant, and her aversion rose to the surface, eager to lash him into understanding of the contempt with which people able to distinguish between the man and the painter regarded him.

"Do you suppose that Cicely will marry you? She will only marry a man she loves, I am sure. How are you going to bring her to that?"

"That—that is just what I wanted to ask you," Messiter stammered.

"Well!" Clotilde stared at him, her lip curling.

"You see, she knows me," Messiter went on, rushing to his fate. "I am not given to being intimate with people. I would not come to any other house as I come to this one. She knows me. What more can I do?"

"Perhaps you might realise that she does not know you at your own estimate," Clotilde said, simmering at the man's egotism.

"Do you mean that she does not appreciate—? Oh, Clotilde, no! Cicely has a perfectly sympathetic soul, believe me."

"I think you and I will leave Cicely's soul out of the present question," she came to the rug and motioned him to a chair; she took up a position of vantage above him. "We will discuss yours, if you wish, and if we can discover it."

"What do you mean by that?" Messiter said, with more spirit than she had yet seen in him.

"I will tell you exactly what I mean, if it is to be plain speaking," Clotilde said. "It will hurt you, Johnny; you won't like it. Perhaps you had better run away after all."

But Messiter stood his ground, or sat it rather, with his comely hands palpably nervous. He was plucking courage out of his garland of love, though he could not have known he was doing it.

"You have never been commonly just to me, Clotilde," he pleaded. "You must admit your perceptions are blunt."

"Must I? Oh dear, no! They are only not ornamental," she smiled grimly. "That's wide of the question, too. Come now; I will tell you why Cicely isn't in love with you, John. The privilege of your friendship has not dazzled her; her eyes are quite remarkably wide open. In the first place, she knows you too well. We remember you when you were a half-grown boy, and the recollection is not pleasant. We remember you sitting here, in father's studio, when there were other people about, and drawing on little bits of paper, with side glances to see if somebody would not stroll up to be amazed at your precocity. Always that eye to the gallery! You have it now. Not even your art for its own sake, a gift, a thing outside yourself, something to thank God for on your knees; but as an appurtenance of Johnny Messiter. Oh!"

"You pretend to despise popularity; as a matter of fact, you live by it. You patronise father, forgetting that father is something greater than a famous painter, and that is a good man. Upon my word, I think you are scarcely a man at all."

"That will do," Messiter said, turning from red to white, and rising from the chair of execution.

"Well, are you?" Clotilde said remorselessly. Picture yourself without your ten fingers. What would you be then? Is Cicely to adore you because you have a vogue? No, I retract that: it's unfair. But even because you are a genius? What is the good of a genius without modesty, or reticence, or courage? And I don't believe you have one of these things."

Messiter flung a hand, palm outward, between her and his face. It was the gesture of a scared urchin, who

sees the cane descending. It did not belong to the stout, well-fed body; it belonged to that strange inmate who possessed a child's naive vanity as well as a child's cowardice; and involuntarily it disarmed his tormenter.

"There! I told you it would hurt. I don't think I meant quite that, Johnny. I am sorry. Perhaps it is that you have not had opportunity. You have been successful before your manhood was ripe, and so it is still undeveloped; if you could get away from your art and your triumphs you might find yourself before it is too late."

Messiter, whose hand had dropped again, stood looking dumbly at her.

"Yourself—not the painter, but the human being. Just now you are a lay figure dressed out in purple and fine linen, and Cicely knows it. I think you would have to go somewhere a long way off, where there is man's work to do, and they haven't heard of John Messiter; and after all, I don't know that you could bear it."

"Do you think Cicely would . . . What difference would it make to her?" Messiter said with

"Show her you aren't, after all," Clotilde said, following the plump figure.

Her glow was over; she felt that she had been brutal to a thing weaker than herself; she was nipped with reproaches.

The door opened, and his colour flew back again, the high signal of love militant. There came Cicely towards the fire, bringing the savour of outer airs with her—Cicely youthful, bright-eyed, abundantly to be desired, and woefully inaccessible in her sane friendliness.

"Well, Johnny," she said, smiling, "have you come to tea? I have brought Mr. Paget back with me, Clo. His wife is away; he is lost in London. Roy snuffed at him in the Gardens; remembering that he has been here before, I suppose."

A grey man behind her advanced and shook hands, looking at Clotilde from under curiously puckered eyelids. He stooped, and he was as thin as a whipping-post, but he stepped with an alertness that contrasted itself to John Messiter's careful paces. The two men eyed each other, and Cicely introduced them.

Tea came in, and the little party sat down to it. Clotilde talked at random, feeling guiltily that she was called upon to cover a distress in Messiter. Possibly it was only plain to her, and the others found nothing strange in the silence of a person not given ordinarily to self-effacement. She saw his hand quiver when Cicely, passing a cup, touched him. There were deeps, for the first time to her seeing, in his eyes; his wares were no longer all upon the board, to dazzle the eyes of the beholder.

Mr. Paget talked pleasantly. The conversation drew aside, after a time, from mutual friends and the theatre, and suddenly a word, a phrase, revealed that he was not an Englishman. Upon its heels came casual mention of a broader life, of warfare waged less with men than Nature, a flash upon sterner things than came the studio way.

Cicely's eyes sparkled; and Messiter saw it, and Clotilde saw that he saw it.

"Where was that?" he said.

"In a place you may thank your stars you aren't called to, Mr. Messiter," said the older man. "It is a hole in which Art never showed her gentle face; where fellows find living so hard that they have no time for its consolations. The vastness of it shrivels men's hearts, and the ugliness deadens their souls. There is never-ending work, bitter, hard work, and the probable outcome of it is just ruin."

"But men *are* men there, by your story," Cicely said.

"Ay, it shapes them into that. It isn't kind to weaklings," Paget said.

"Where is it?" Messiter persisted.

"The back blocks of New South Wales in a drought," Paget said. "You may see my station there now, without a living head of stock upon it. We fought for four years, and then we cleared. There are men round about working still; I admire their pluck, but I doubt their wisdom."

There was a little silence. Paget sipped his tea, frowning at the fire; it was evident that he found grim visions in

it. Clotilde brought forward a lighter topic, and presently the visitor rose to go.

The door swung to behind him. Messiter rose, and again Clotilde saw the graceful hand tremble as he extended it. He was rather short of breath, too, visibly agitated.

"Did you not want to see father?" she said. She had, against her prejudices and judgment, a hot idea of leaving him alone with Cicely, sweets after the bitter medicine of the afternoon.

"I—I think I won't wait. . . . Cicely, what did you think of your friend's story?" he said, turning to her.

"I think he takes his trouble like a man," Cicely said. "They were rich, and now they are poor, you know. His wife told me how he worked. It must have been a heart-breaking struggle, but there was something fine in it. And think of the men who are still there!"

"Suppose I had to go there?" Messiter said, his eyes devouring her. Clotilde drew a sharp breath.

"You?" Cicely said, staggered at his earnestness. Then she laughed at the absurdity. "Oh, Johnny, you!" she cried. "It is ugly; you would die of starvation."

"But I am going," said Johnny Messiter; and there stood his resolution, full-armed before them.

(To be concluded Next Week.)



The door opened, and his colour flew back again, the high signal of love militant.

his odd, childish eagerness, and without a trace of the late resentment. He seemed to be straining to a perception of her meaning; to be, for once, scorching his tender fingers without wincing at the pain.

"Ah! that rests with Cicely," Clotilde said. "Frankly, I don't think it would be much use."

"It would be a chance—the only chance?"

"If you became a manly man instead of what you are? Ye-es, it would certainly be a chance. Only I seem to remember something about leopards not being able to change their spots."

"You suggested that I had not had my opportunity."

"Of course I did. You have been hopelessly spoiled; it would be enough to make any man effeminate."

Messiter shrank visibly, but he faced the word.

"Is that what you call me?"

"I'm afraid so, Johnny. I am rather a cap-tious pig. Don't let us talk about it any more. You are too mild; you should be rude, and snap back."

"Yes, but you mean it," the painter said. He began to pace the studio with his hands dangling, his red lips pouting out of a pale face, perturbation written large upon him. "If Cicely thinks that!" he exclaimed. "My God!"

LEAVES FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK.



Universal Photo.

M. COQUELIN RECITING BEFORE THE PRESIDENT AT THE HOME FOR RETIRED ACTORS.

The home at Pont-aux-Dames was founded by M. Coquelin. There, recently, he entertained M. Fallières at lunch, and afterwards recited a poem from an open-air stage.



Photo. Topical.

THE KING'S GOLD MEDALLIST.

Mr. James Alexander Blackburn, of the training-ship "Worcester," has received the King's Gold Medal for the most promising sailor of the year.



Photo. Topical.

PRIZE DAY ON THE TRAINING-SHIP "WORCESTER": MANNING THE YARDS.

On July 26 the boys of the training-ship "Worcester" held high festival, when Mr. Lloyd-George distributed the prizes. Mr. Lloyd-George mentioned that Admiral Togo was trained on board the "Worcester."



Photo. Lafayette.

THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1907: THE MACHINERY HALL.

The Exhibition is to be held at Herbert Park, Ball's Bridge. The vast machinery hall will occupy an area of no less than 90,000 square feet, and will house widely representative exhibits.



THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The President of the Exhibition is the Marquess of Ormonde, and the Secretary and Chief Executive Officer is Mr. James Shanks. The officials recently visited the buildings, now well advanced.



THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND AND HER FATHER, MR. SUTHERST.



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND IN THEIR CARRIAGE.



THE MARCHIONESS'S FATHER, MR. SUTHERST IN CONSULTATION.

*Photos, Illustrations Bureau.*

THE QUESTION OF A PEER'S SANITY: THE INQUIRY INTO THE STATE OF THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND'S MIND.

The case, which has been attracting much public interest, is being held in Lincoln's Inn Old Hall. Twenty-three jurors sit on the bench, with Mr. Justice Bucknill at their side.



ROUGH JUSTICE IN NATAL: THE BURNING OF MEHLOKAZULU'S KRAAL.



FORMAL JUSTICE: THE COURT-MARTIAL ON MAQUAMAMKULU.

*Photo, Armstrong.*



SENTENCED TO DEATH: FIVE NOTORIOUS REBELS.



A KAFFIR DANCE TO XYLOPHONES.

*Photo, Halfones.*

Mehlokazulu, whose name means "the eye of the Zulu," was a leader of the 1879 rebellion. He was killed in the Momebush fight. Maquamamkulu was tried for the murder of Mr. Walters, of the Public Works Department, in Natal. The names of the presiding officers from the left are: Major Molyneux, Captain Clarkson (defending), Colonel Shepstone, Colonel Wylie (President), Colonel Furze, Major Vanderplank (Crown Prosecutor), Captain Eute, Lieutenant James (Interpreter). The prisoner is on the extreme right.



TOSSED IN THE BLANKET.



BURLESQUE BAND PRACTICE.

*Photos Illustrations Bureau.*

THE DELIGHTS OF CAMPING OUT: DR. BARNARDO'S BOYS UNDER CANVAS AT ALDERSHOT.

Dr. Barnardo's boys know how to make the best of camp life, but their burlesque band practice with brass and bagpipes playing together must be more comical than harmonious.



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## LADIES' PAGES.

IT is almost excusable to believe in starry influences and fate and so on, for the arm of coincidence is so very long! Within the waxing and the waning of one moon an order of accident that is very rare in the case of illustrious personages—peril from horses, that is—has occurred to four members of our Royal Family, three Queens and the wife of the Heir Apparent. Now, surely that is odd! The Queen of Spain and the Queen of Norway were both in rather serious danger from their horses' vagaries; Queen Alexandra's big carriage-straps broke in the Park, and her Majesty was thrown against the upholstered side of the vehicle and had to alight and return to the Palace in another carriage promptly offered for her service; then, finally, the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Hertford, were in a carriage of which the horses became unmanageable from fright at the cheering. This last accident shows why the Sovereign always sends down a supply of his own steeds to any place where a State function is to be performed. The horses used in the royal carriages, both those of the principal carriage and the suite's are carefully and elaborately trained to stand sudden noise, such as shooting off the salute and cheering, and also to be unaffected when banners and handkerchiefs are waved in their faces. If this were not done, the results some time might be very serious. Queen Victoria always sent down before her a great deal more of her personal belongings than twenty or so horses when she paid a visit; for she had many fancies: not only her own bed and bedding, but also a dais upon which it should stand, her silver toilet-service, certain adjuncts to her writing-table, and various articles for her table use, such as a silver pepper-pot, in the shape of an owl, that had been presented to the Queen by Lady Augusta Stanley while she was Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent, always accompanied her late Majesty on her own moves from home to home and on her visits. The King had twenty horses sent down when he went North a few weeks ago, and the accident to the carriage of the Prince of Wales, which was horsed from his host's stable, shows the necessity of the precaution to safeguard valuable lives.

Even more than the usual interest has been evoked by the crop of "end-of-the-season" weddings. Lady Norah Hely-Hutchinson, one of the brides, is an exceedingly beautiful girl. She is a brunette, with that sparkling character in her beauty that makes one think of a fine precious stone; she is quiet and gentle in manner, but brilliance is inherent to her style. She is a daughter of the late Earl of Donoughmore, and her bridegroom is Captain Brassey, Royal Horse Guards. The charm of this wedding ceremony was enhanced, therefore, by the military display. The troopers of the Royal Horse Guards, wearing their showy uniform in full parade order, most of them decorated with the South African and other medals, lined the aisle; and the choir of the Chapel Royal, singing the marriage hymn, led the bridal



A GARDEN-PARTY FROCK.

This muslin dress is supplied with a chemisette of white net, the removal of which makes it a demi-toilette for evening wear. The trimming is lace appliqué and bands of satin ribbon.

procession in their scarlet-and-gold uniform coats. Lady Norah looked a beautiful vision in her wedding-gown of white brocaded chiffon velvet; it was covered with a design of roses all over, and relieved from heaviness by being trimmed with deep flouncing of airy Milanese point; the full Court train was carried by three little pages in white satin and blue. On the tall bride's dark hair was set a perfect tiara of orange-blossoms, covered with a veil of Brussels point. The bridesmaids were eight in number, four being tiny children; the sweet little daughter of Lord and Lady Castlereagh made her first appearance in this capacity on the occasion. The gowns were white chiffon, made Empire fashion, with short corsages of lace, and bows of silver tissue; the hats were white, with a single large white rose at the front and a long full ostrich-plume falling back from the blossom, while on the children's hats a few forget-me-nots were added. The bride's mother, the Dowager Lady Donoughmore, wore steel-grey gauze, relieved with touches of pink; and Lady Norah's sister, who is also very pretty, Lady Evelyn Farquhar, accompanied her mother in a dove-grey embroidered chiffon gown. Amongst the guests was Princess Alexander of Teck in a pretty white embroidered dress with a hat of pale brown.

Uniformity in the bridesmaids' gowns produces probably a more pleasing effect as a whole, but the little Louis Quinze moiré coats worn by the bridesmaids of Miss Dundas when she became the wife of Mr. Austen Chamberlain were so well harmonised that the four different colours employed did not look out of keeping. The skirts were in every case white ninon, hand-painted with pink roses, but the pointed bodices and the long ends that fell down the back of the skirt were in four colours of moiré silk—two of the maids wore blue, two pink, two mauve, and two a delicate green. Louis Quinze coats were worn also by the bridesmaids of Miss Allhusen when she married the Hon. Eyre Massey, Lord Clarina's eldest son. These gowns were of pink mousseline-de-soie, with coats of Pompadour brocaded crêpe-de-chine, the tails held back near the waist with diamond buckles presented by the bridegroom; pink fichus and hats and bouquets of pink sweet peas finished very pretty toilettes. Miss Allhusen's bridal dress was embroidered up the front with a trellis of silver, and this disappeared under a large and handsome fichu of Carrickmacross lace. At all the recent weddings, the prevalence of white amongst the costumes of the guests was noticeable; it has become almost a uniform. Black is not now, as it was once, considered absolutely bad form at a wedding, and Lady Brassey wore it at her relative's marriage, and the Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Lawrence at the Chamberlain wedding; but white in all its innumerable shades, and finished in various ways with touches of colour and lightened by additions of lace, carries all before it in the mass of smart frocks for festive occasions.

Bridesmaids can wear their smart frocks at the garden-parties that will be the favourite form of county society for the next two months. In the more retired

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Stout readers of the "Illustrated London News" are earnestly entreated not to trifle further with their constitutions by drugging, sweating and half starving themselves, in order to reduce their weight. Such methods, which wrought incalculable harm in the past, still have their victims by the thousand. Anæmia, general debility, and, in some cases, consumption may be the dreadful results if those wasting, poisonous methods are persisted in. If not pursued to the bitter end, and if the patient, out of sheer alarm at the increasing weakness, resorted to a normal diet, in nine cases out of ten the excess of fat would begin to reassert itself. There was no permanency in the reduction of weight, because the tendency to abnormal fatness remained, only lying dormant for want of the food necessary to vital force. Now, the Antipon treatment, in all respects diametrically antagonistic to the emaciating methods described, has never been found wanting in the three great curative essentials when the course has been consistently pursued. The essentials are these:—

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Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or in case of difficulty, it may be obtained (on sending remittance), post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

## A REMARKABLE BOOK

ON  
THE PRESERVATION  
OF HEALTH.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., the distinguished authority on Hygienic Science and Health Questions, is evidently a believer in Thomas Carlyle's doctrine that there is no utility in pointing out misfortunes unless you at the same time indicate the remedy. In his remarkable little book, "The Art of Living," just issued from the press, Dr. Wilson not only points out that "Our first duty to ourselves is to check illness at the outset," but he follows up this admonition with the more welcome information how we are to do it. He, so to speak, says: "You have the evil of ill-health to fight. Now, here's the weapon to fight with. Strike for freedom." For example, he says: "Suppose a person has run down—feels languid and is easily tired. If he neglects this warning—for all such signs and symptoms are Nature's warning to us—the possibility is that he will pass further afield into the great lone land of disease. Can he do anything to save himself from such a disastrous result? In the vast majority of cases he can restore his vigour." How? Dr. Wilson tells his reader how without delay, adding at once this remarkable statement: "Probably he will be advised to take a tonic. This in the main is good advice. Unfortunately the number of tonics is legion, but if there exists any preparation which can combine in itself the properties of a tonic and restorative, and which at the same time can contribute to the nourishment and building up of the enfeebled body, it is evident such an agent must prove of the utmost value to everybody. I have found such a tonic and restorative in the preparation known as Sanatogen." How the distinguished author found this tonic he tells us in an interesting bit of autobiography. "Recovering from an attack of Influenza," he says, "and suffering from the severe weakness incidental to that ailment, Sanatogen was brought under my notice. I gave it a fair trial, and the results were all that could have been desired. In a short time my appetite improved, the weakness was conquered, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health." It is easy to believe that this experience led the doctor to make a thorough investigation into this specific which had served him so well. Sanatogen, he tells us, "combines two distinct elements—one tonic and the other nutritive." Further, it is no "secret" remedy, for, as he pertinently observes, "Its composition is well known, otherwise medical men would not prescribe it." What the tonic and nutritive elements of Sanatogen are, and how they effect so much good, Dr. Wilson describes in simple, convincing terms. The whole passage is too long to quote, but one important remark of the writer may be given, namely, that one of the principal elements of Sanatogen "represents the substance which actually forms a very important, if not the most important, constituent of our brain and nervous system." How, through regenerating the nervous system, Sanatogen restores the functions of the digestive organs, and by rebuilding the whole body, compensates the wear and tear of latter-day life; how it does away with the need of stimulants, and cures the sick by the natural method of making the body strong enough to drive out disease—all this, in the delightful style of Dr. Wilson's language, makes engrossing and pleasant, as well as instructive reading. This last contribution of Dr. Wilson to the literature of Health may certainly be calculated to carry joyful news to the ailing and weary. A limited number of complete specimen copies of the "Art of Living," by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., are being distributed free of charge. To obtain one of these copies the applicant must mention the *Illustrated London News* in sending his name and address to the publishers—F. WILLIAMS & Co., 83, Upper Thames St., London, E.C.

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parts of the country, where people have to depend on home industry for amusement, as they cannot be for ever running up to town to a theatre or to the river for a regatta, the garden-party flourishes in the fine season, and very properly. There can be no more charming background for a pretty frock and a dainty figure than the shrubbery, the lawn, and the flower-beds. White is always safe on such an occasion, but a touch of some colour makes for distinction. The chené ribbons that are produced in such profusion, and that have been offered in the sales at very moderate prices, are invaluable as sashes, belts, and neckbands, to give a touch of refined colouring to a white frock. In some cases, where a transparent chiffon or very fine silk muslin composes the over-dress, a chené ribbon trimming run on the foundation-skirt, as well as used for the belt and parements, is extremely *chic*, and the more desirable because so free from intrusiveness. For this purpose a strong degree of colouring is needed in the chené ribbon, or it will be extinguished, or at any rate so concealed that its purchase is wasted. The chené design must be fairly large; but all this is not to say that the colour must be any other than refined, for that will destroy the very delicacy of effect. The chené ribbon is used at the hem of the underskirt (which, of course, must be a silk one), and frequently the ribbon is set on also as a broad band round the underskirt a little below the knee. Two veilings of fine chiffon or silk muslin over this will allow the ribbon's colour to be very distinctly perceived, but in a softened and luxurious sort of fashion. The belt—have I not mentioned? but it is worth emphasising—must be of the same chené ribbon, and the lining of the corsage may with advantage be of the tint that is the prevailing one in the ribbon, though a pure white lining is all right. A bow or band of the ribbon also should appear on the sleeve, and either a small transparent lace chemisette is set in at the throat, or a collar of the ribbon once more repeats its colouring. A similar idea may be applied to using up a dance dress of silver tissue or of shot taffetas; placed under one, or at most two, layers of white mousseline or white chiffon, the effect for a garden-party dress is satisfactory. The softening effect of the veiling of diaphanous material prevents any impression of an evening gown's being donned at an inappropriate hour. An all-white hat is desirable in such a costume.

The bolero is ubiquitous. Very useful are those wholly of Irish crochet or coarse guipure, made with very full wide wing sleeves; put on over a plainly made blouse or corsage, a smart effect is at once produced by one of these little garments. In one of their varying patterns, in fact, boleros are so popular that almost every material is seen made up in this fashion. Over a corselet skirt such a short, loose-hanging little coat is almost indispensable. If a thin blouse above the top of the corselet be sufficient for indoor wear, it needs the addition of a bolero of the firmer fabric for going out, however warm the day; the skirt and diaphanous or "fussy" top looks unfinished for the promenade. In linen and gingham the bolero is as successful as in serge or



A SMART YACHTING GOWN.

Navy-blue serge is the ideal material for this frock, and the pretty trimming with white braid and buttons gives it smartness and originality.

tweed. Of course, where the skirt or belt closely defines the waist, the little coatee will be kept quite short; it would be foolish to go to the pains of getting a good fit, and then cover up the graceful waist-line. Some of the newest boleros have only loose wings over the top of the arm by way of sleeve, leaving the whole responsibility of covering the arm to the blouse, the sleeves of which are thus left uninjured. A narrow band or two of elastic under the arm may be added, and just keeps the wings from flying all abroad.

A scarf of some sort held loosely over the shoulders is worn with almost every dress excepting only the severe tailor-made frock. Spanish lace makes a favourite scarf, while the long and full ostrich-feather boas are rich and very becoming as a frame to the face. But mere yards of plain chiffon or mousseline-de-soie are often used as scarves. Then there are the very pretty gauze scarves with ends deeply hand-painted. Some tailor-made gowns, even, are not inappropriately thus finished; a fine cream serge, profusely decorated with twists of silk braid in a whiter shade, for example, was well accompanied by a scarf of cream mousseline-de-soie painted at the ends with mauve iris. Great favour, again, has been awarded to the short and very full ruffle of tulle, black or white, so closely pleated as to rise up behind the head almost like an Elizabethan ruff, and not closing under the chin in front, but fixed on at each side of the bosom, finished with a bunch of black-velvet ribbon loops there. Some of the ostrich-feather "finishes," by the way, are far more than boas: they are positively capes. They are enormously expensive, but so becoming!

When one goes travelling, amongst the greatest comforts possible is to carry one's own stylograph or fountain-pen, and so to be independent of the hacked and wretched specimens of the hotel inkstand. On the desk at home, too, the fountain-pen, ever ready to pick up and use, is of great service; anybody who has once possessed this convenience will never wish to be without it again. The price, combined with the high class, of Messrs. Albert Baker's fountain-pens, recommends them for trial; these excellent pens begin at 2s. 2d., while a better quality, dubbed "The Bizzie," has a fourteen-carat gold nib, a double feed, and an extra large reservoir-holder, and costs only 3s. 3d., or gold-mounted, 6s. It seems incredible, but I have tried the pen, and it is good. A sample pen can be had from the headquarters by post by sending remittance to 65, Holloway Road, London, N.

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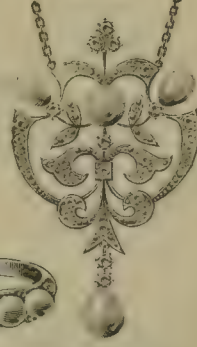
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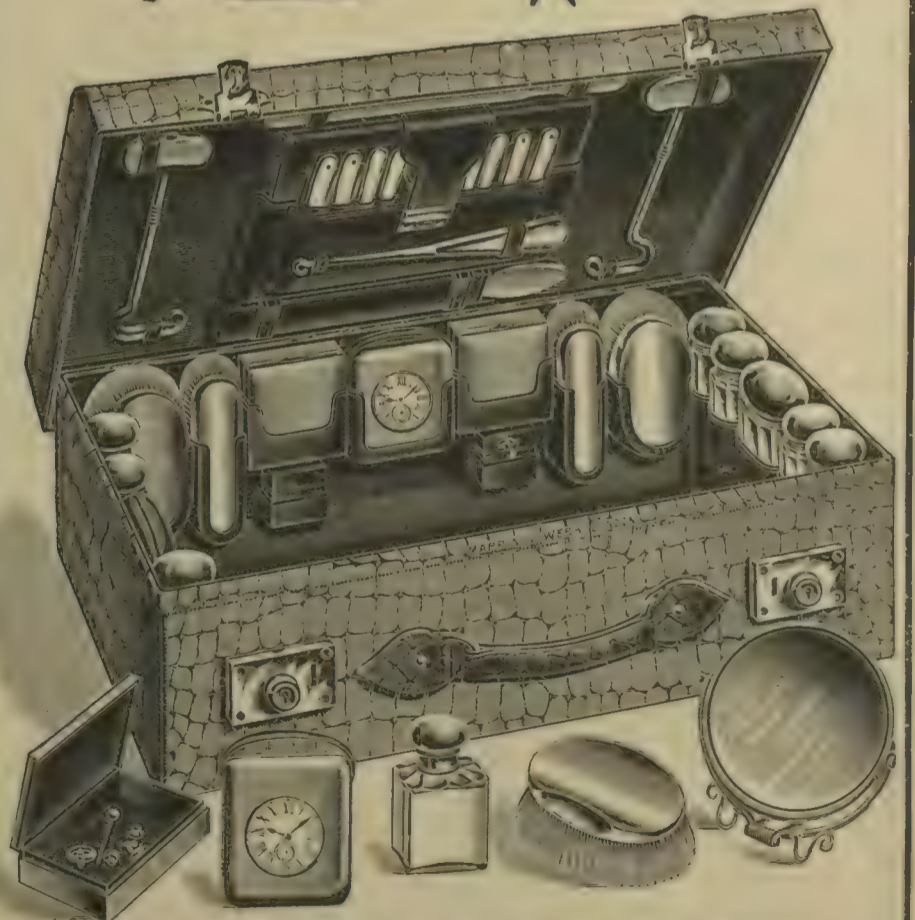
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

SOME beautiful memorial will doubtless be placed in Truro Cathedral in honour of the first Bishop who has died while holding the Cornish See. Dr. Gott loved the Cathedral from the first day of his appointment, when, so the Bishop of St. Germans tells us, he stopped on the journey from the station to Kenwyn that he might say a prayer within its walls. Among the many tributes to his memory from Cornish pulpits, the best was that of his old friend, Chancellor Worledge.

The institution ceremony by which Bishop Welldon became Dean of Manchester was followed by a crowded congregation in the

Cathedral. Canon Kelly placed the cap of office on the new Dean's head. At the celebration which followed the institution, Dr. Welldon read the Gospel.

The Rev. Reginald Thomas Talbot, who succeeds Canon Barnett at Bristol Cathedral, is a son of Admiral Talbot, and is only forty-four. He was educated at Clifton College and at Exeter College, Oxford, and was ordained by Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, to the curacy of Gateshead. He held several important appointments before 1900, when the late Bishop of Southwell invited him to the Vicarage of St. Werburgh, Derby. Canon Talbot did excellent work as Lecturer in Church

History and Doctrine for the dioceses of Durham, Ripon, and Newcastle.

Cheshunt College has been purchased for the Church of England, and will be used as a training-college for clergy in the dioceses of London, St. Albans, and Southwark. It is to be hoped that the new proprietors will care tenderly for the rose-gardens, which have ever been the chief adornment of Cheshunt.

The Bishop of Nassau, who has been in England since April, recruiting men for his diocese, is on his way home, via Quebec and Montreal, and goes from New York to Nassau. The Bishop has spoken at many meetings during his three months' stay in England, and before sailing he addressed the congregation of his old parish, St. Margaret's, Anfield, Liverpool.

Bishop Montgomery made some interesting statements at the last monthly meeting of the S.P.G. He mentioned that Bishop Hamlyn has secured his first worker in Holy Orders for the Gold Coast, and that a sixth priest has at length been found for Japan. For nearly ten years the Society has been appealing for these additional workers in the promising Japanese field. Of the progress in India, the Bishop said: "We are proud of our work at St. Stephen's, Delhi, leading up to the highest University degrees under strong Christian influences; but the standards of teaching tend to rise, and we have to take care that we do not lose the best men."

The grave of Bishop Bickersteth at Walton, in Hertfordshire, is to be marked by a tall cross, standing upon three steps and surrounded by a massive kerbing, all of white marble. It is a replica of the cross erected in memory of the Bishop's son, Dr. Edward Bickersteth, the first missionary Bishop in South Tokio, Japan.

The Archbishop of York and Mrs. MacLagan arranged a garden-party at Bishopthorpe for the members of the British Association.—V.



MR. AND MRS. WARING'S GARDEN-PARTY AT FOOT'S CRAY.

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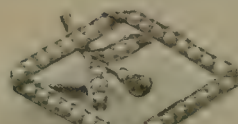
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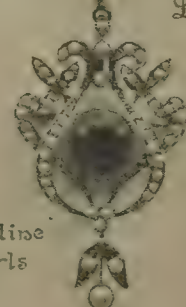
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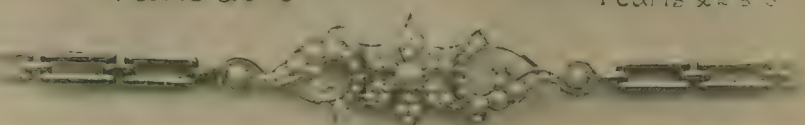
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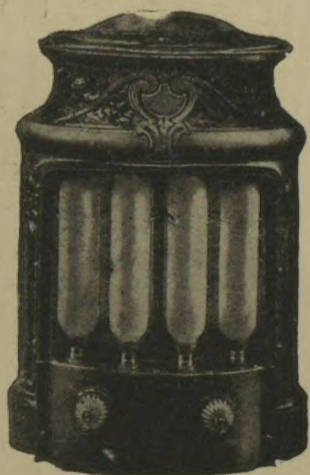
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## MUSIC.

## A PLEA FOR ENGLISH OPERA.

WHEN the Prince of Wales, speaking at the civic banquet given in honour of his return from a long visit to far-off lands, counselled his future subjects to "wake up," the advice may be presumed to have been given to one and all. Apathy is as fatal to poet or musician or painter as to the man of affairs, and the pressure of foreign competition is no less keen for one class than for another. Art, like Science, ignores the boundaries and limitations of States; civilisation agrees that beauty and truth at least should be cosmopolitan. But this grant of freedom from restrictive tariff should not serve to sterilise endeavour in any country that welcomes foreign products. In some departments of music the Briton surrenders without a serious struggle to his foreign competitors. In orchestral and chamber music he may be a modest competitor, but where opera is concerned he makes no fight at all. The Puccinis, the Leoncavallos, the Massenets advance with drums beating and colours flying; the hosts of the mighty dead follow, Wagner and Verdi each leading an army corps; and while the British musician collapses without making any fight at all, the British amateur pays tribute on behalf of himself, his wife, and his family.

Years ago there might have been an excuse for this state of things; it was an article of the musical faith that no man who lacked an Italian name could write good songs or sing them; indeed, some clever people who thought they had a message to deliver to the world in terms of music and felt hampered by an Anglo-Saxon name made haste to change it. The records of Drury Lane will bear out the literal truth of this statement. Opera has been held in England to be an exotic, and certainly some works by living British composers do much to justify the contention.

At the same time, we must confess that even our inspired composers never had a chance such as is given to-day to modern Frenchmen and Italians who possess a talent that stops short of genius. Balfe, for example, was a master of pure melody, his writing was never without spontaneity, even if it lacked scholarship upon occasion, but who would dream of producing "The Bohemian Girl" at Covent Garden to-day? When Balfe wrote "The Talisman" it had to be put into an Italian dress before it could pass the portals of Drury Lane. William Vincent Wallace, too, had a great natural gift, but it may be doubted whether "Maritana" or "Lurline" will ever be heard again on a large scale in London. In this connection it is interesting to note that Alfredo Catalani's "Loreley" is being prepared for Covent Garden. Will it yield airs more charming than the best of those that Wallace wrote for the same subject?

Of our more modern men, Goring Thomas and Arthur Sullivan have written operas that are never dull, and others would have done the same if they had not allied their music to an uninspiring book, and had thought first of melody and then of its correct treatment. That English-speaking men can create material

for a good book let "Madame Butterfly" prove. The author of the story is not an Englishman, but he is an American, which is the next best thing. With a less moving story, Puccini's score, packed as it is with memories of "Tosca," "Manon Lescaut," and "La Bohème," would not have drawn crowded houses to Covent Garden night after night.

We may not have a Wagner or a Verdi waiting for a hearing on the operatic stage, but we might well have a Bruneau, a Humperdinck, or a Leoncavallo, or, better still, a man who will sing as well as any of these in an idiom distinctively his own—as Sullivan's was. That there is room for an English opera is proved in part by the demand for translations of the most popular works given at Covent Garden. When "Faust" or "Don Giovanni" or "Carmen" is given the book is in demand all over the house, apparently because the audience contains a considerable percentage of newcomers. The supporters of opera are enlarging their ranks steadily, the autumn season at Covent Garden has done a great deal to popularise good work, and a most profitable field lies before serious British composers. They will not exploit it without difficulty, but the reward will be commensurate to the labour.

The season of opera in London has been extended from twelve weeks to twenty; in a little while—perhaps next year, if the arrangements for a February season of German opera, under the direction of Herr Mottl, should mature—opera will be given for six months out of twelve. Foreign works, for all their great merit, cannot endure the shock of translation, and English is the mother tongue of ninety per cent. of the supporters of opera in London. Will not our young musicians make some effort to restore English opera to the English stage?

The *Practitioner*, July 1906, says—"With occasional doses of Apenta Water taken hot the first thing in the morning, and a short walk followed by a light breakfast, relief may be obtained from the persistent distressing pain at the top and back of the head, which is especially characteristic of a general excess in proteid diet."

The only Bank Holiday alteration from the ordinary sailings of the Palace steamers is that the *Koh-i-Noor* leaves Old Swan Pier at 7.45 a.m. on Saturday, Aug. 4; at 8.30 a.m. on Sunday, Aug. 5; and 8 a.m. on Monday, Aug. 6. On Tuesday, Aug. 7, the *Koh-i-Noor* will run from Tilbury to Southend and Margate—train from Fenchurch Street at 9.5 a.m. and St. Pancras at 8.22 a.m. The *Royal Sovereign* will leave Old Swan Pier at 9 a.m. on Saturday and Monday, and at 9.20 on Sunday. The *Husbands' Boat* to Margate and back on Saturday afternoon will run as usual. The connecting trains will leave St. Pancras at 2.45 p.m. and Fenchurch Street at 3.25 p.m. This season the company does not run a tender from Old Swan Pier to Tilbury to connect with this boat. Every Saturday during August the *Koh-i-Noor* will leave Old Swan Pier at 7.45 a.m. for Tilbury, Southend, and Margate.

## ART NOTES.

GALLERIES have closed their doors from City to suburbs. The Guildhall Gallery has returned its brilliant Alfred Stevens canvases, its Gerard Dows, its Memlings, and its Van Eycks to their various owners; modern German art monopolises Knightsbridge's skating-rink no longer; and the walls of Bond Street are bare. Burlington House has had a fairly prosperous year: the purchases have been, on the whole, more than usually discriminating, even if the Chantrey Bequest trustees have sent little to the Tate Gallery that will meet with its curator's approval. Many will congratulate, and envy, the purchasers of Clausens or of the two Ligurian subjects by Mr. La Thangue.

At a time when the sales in annual exhibitions are comparatively few it is interesting to know that certain pictures at the New Gallery and at the New English Art Club would have sold "many times over" (to use a secretarial phrase) had they been offered for sale. These—need we say?—are Mr. Sargent's marvellous studies: that of the priest's bedroom, that of the monk in the garden, of the tumultuous group of goats—all in the New Gallery; and, at the New English, the wonderful picnic-makers, the landscape, and the "Behind the Curtain." This unwelcome denial to picture-buyers means that Mr. Sargent's collection of Sargents will be one of the best in the world.

Yet another reform has been suggested to the Royal Academy: the introduction—not of more of the red tape that forbade the hanging of Mr. Strang's oil-paintings—but of the little red label that elsewhere rejoices the artist's heart. As a public institution, by no means backward in its desire to amuse the public, the Academy might add the innocent excitement of this little red label.

A petition from art students and others requesting that copying of the Wallace pictures at Hertford House may be allowed has met with a polite note from Mr. Claude Phillips, saying that the matter will be laid before trustees. In truth, we rather hope, perhaps selfishly, that Mr. Phillips will advise against the permission being accorded. Nobody profits from the copying except the copyist himself, and he often reaps but a doubtful benefit. His easels and his canvases block the visitor's view; and in this particular case would rob the gallery of its character of a private house, now one of the attractions of the Wallace Collection. What would Mr. Phillips do to the student who was threatened with expulsion from the National Gallery because he had a habit of spilling his turpentine upon its floors? It happened that he was one of the only copyists who copied with any degree of discernment, but certainly he must not be allowed to blemish the immaculate floors of Hertford House. The staff of grim officials who now caution you if you but lean against a rail or look too closely at a picture will be much distraught, supposing the young artist gets his permit from Mr. Phillips. W. M.



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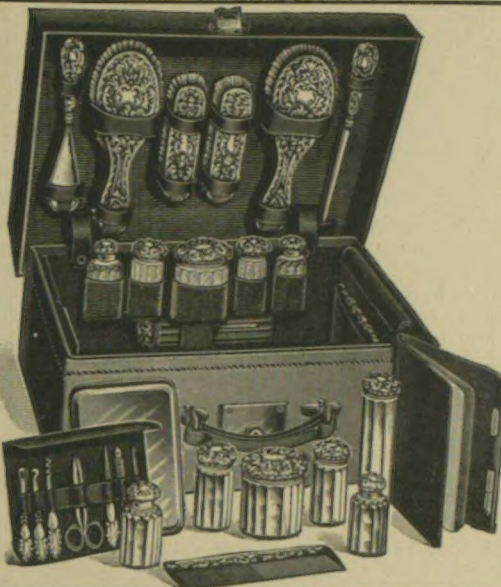
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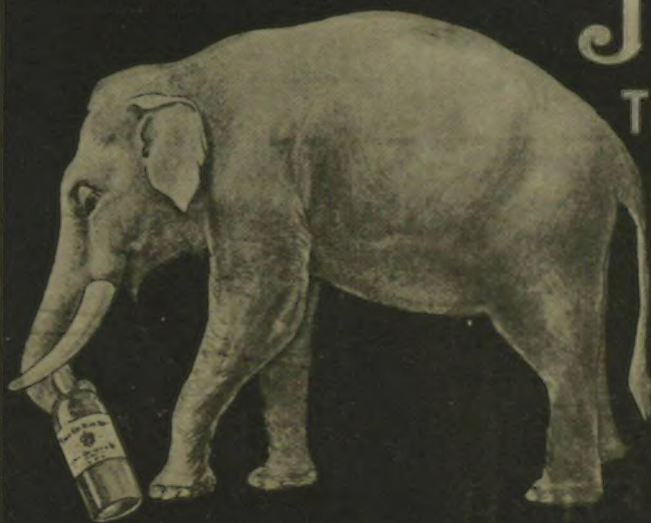
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated March 4, 1906), with a codicil of April 21 following, of **SIR CHARLES TENNANT, BART.**, of 40, Grosvenor Square, and The Glen, Innerleithen, Peebles, who died on June 4, has been proved by Sir Edward Priaulx Tennant, Francis John Tennant, and Harold John Tennant, the sons, William Augustus Tennant, the nephew, and Evelyn Haseltine, the value of the real and personal estate being £3,151,974. Sir Charles states that he has already, by settlement, provided for his present wife and children by her, and for his daughters Lady Ribblesdale, Mrs. Katherine Lucy Graham Smith, and Mrs. Margaret Emma Alice Asquith. His estate at Innerleithen, with the pictures and books, he settles on his eldest son Edward, with remainder to his grandson Edward Wyndham. He gives the household furniture, his shares in the Union Bank of Scotland, all his movable and immovable property in Trinidad, his interest in the land and premises at Hebburn, Northumberland, in the occupation of the United Alkali Company, and his capital in the firm of Sir Charles Tennant and Son, Limited, to his son Edward; and his share in the business of Tennant and Co., of Manchester and Liverpool, to his sons Edward, Francis, and Harold. Four tenths of the residue he leaves to his son Edward, and three tenths each to his sons Francis and Harold.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1901) of **MR. CHARLES LOUIS BUXTON**, of Bolwick Hall, Marsham, Norfolk, who died on April 23, has been proved by Mrs. Maria Buxton, the widow, Walter Louis Buxton, the son, Francis William Buxton, the brother, and Edward

Gurney Buxton, the nephew, the value of the estate being £67,843. The testator gives £500 to his wife; £5911 to his son; £2000 each to his daughters, Amy and Milicent, and on the decease of his wife and mother, Lady Buxton, an additional £2500 each to his said two daughters, and £1500 to his daughter Norah; and £50 each to his brother and nephew for acting as executors. The residue of the property he leaves to his wife for life and then for his son who shall first attain twenty-one years of age.

The will (dated July 21, 1899) of **COUNT MAX HOLLENDER**, of 44, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, who died on June 11, was proved on July 20 by Rose, Countess Hollender, the widow, Edgar Cohen, and Alfred Beyfus, the value of the property amounting to £92,710. The testator gives £1000 to his wife; £105 each to Mr. Cohen and Mr. Beyfus; £250 each to his brother Eugene and sister Julie; an annuity of £100 to his mother for life, and on her decease £60 per annum to his sister Virginia; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then £8000 is to be held in trust for his son Vivian, £10,000, in trust, for each of his other children, and the ultimate residue as his wife shall appoint to his children or remoter issue.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1904) of **MISS MARY ANN LONG**, of 50, Marine Parade, Brighton, who died on Nov. 5 last, has been proved by Alfred William Long Parkhouse, the nephew, the value of the real and personal estate being £92,927. The testatrix gives £500 per annum to her brother Jeremiah for life, and then for his wife Sarah, and on the decease of the survivor of them £100 per annum for each of their children; an

annuity of £300 to Mrs. Eliza Maria Parkhouse, and on her decease £10,000, in trust, for Lillie Mary Ann Emily Parkhouse; her freehold residence at Brighton in trust for Lillie M. A. E. Parkhouse; £100 per annum to William James; £100 and an annuity of £100 to her maid Caroline Patching; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to Alfred William Long Parkhouse.

The will (dated May 30, 1903) of **MR. SAMUEL ARMITAGE**, of Chaseley House, Pendleton, Lancashire, who died on June 18, has been proved by Alfred Kershaw Armitage and Samuel Harold Armitage, the sons, William Hudson Fawsitt and Elkanah Hewitt, the gross value of the estate amounting to £268,925. The testator gives to his wife £1000, all the household furniture, and £2500 per annum; to each of his daughters, Edith Mary and Alice, £1000, and £30,000, in trust, for them and their issue, and on the decease of their mother a further £10,000 each; to William Hudson Fawsitt and Elkanah Hewitt, £250 each; and legacies to servants. All his shares in Sir Elkanah Armitage and Sons, Limited, and the residue of his property he leaves to his two sons.

The will (dated May 7, 1906) of **MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE HEWISH ADAMS**, of Farnham Castle, Surrey, who died on June 5, has been proved by Mrs. Mathilde Christiane Hewish Adams, the widow, Mrs. Nea Hewish Ryle, the daughter, and the Bishop of Winchester, the son-in-law, the value of the estate being £62,129. The testator gives £200, an annuity of £150, and the income from £12,000 stock to his wife; £3000 to his nephew Colonel Charles Deshon; £3000 to his niece Ellen Ruck; and £500 to the National Life-boat Institution. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter.

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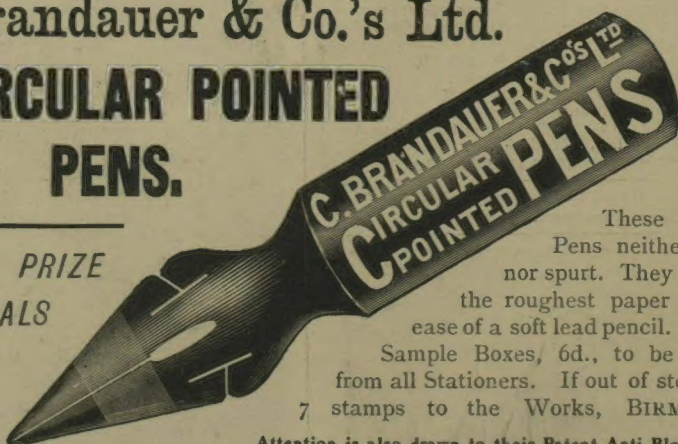
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